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To My Sisters

The following pages are dedicated. For the author
use, in deepening and retaining first impr
of a sea-voyage and a tour in England, and with
hope of imparting, in a slight degree to the mem
her "household band", the pleasures thence derived,
they been written. Should other eyes, than those
whom they were designed, wander over them, I
that they will be perused with a remembrance of th
and would forewarn such readers that they will
find little here to amuse or edify them.

Ship Roscoe. May 7th 1840.

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!" I am upon it. For the first time in my life, "with the broad blue sky above me spread, and the mighty ocean com me;" I have looked along the western horizon, fo a glimpse of land, in vain. The sea is to be, fo a short time, my home, and I am content wit it. It lies around me in beauty rather tha glory.

11th. On the first day of our voyage, the cry of "a whale! a whale!" brought our passengers on de Several fine ones passed us, (one about sixty feet long, sometimes showing nearly the whole bodies, sometimes lifting their head above the waves, and ever and anon, spouting the water to a great height. Nothing very re markable occurred the next day, though som of the ladies confidently declare that they sa on the morning of that day, a Portuguese man- war. The fact has afforded us considerable sp from the perplexity (real or pretended) of fellow-passenger, respecting it, who cannot conceive what Portuguese men-of-war have to do in this region.

12th We have had two gales, which raised the waves to a great height, and showed us the sublimity of the ocean. Our captain says that the sea seldom runs higher than it did during one of these gales. Such scenes have been again and again described imperfectly, but language faintly portrays them. Fastened by → a rope to the windward side of the vessel, we looked out upon a scene of indescribable beauty and grandeur. The far-off ~~billows~~, as they came rolling toward us, bursting at their tops, and pouring down cataracts of foam — then, as they approached us, dashing against our vessel's side, their volumes of gorgeously colored spray, while we mounted upon them toward the heavens, and plunged down again to the depths to meet the cold embrace of the foaming waters.[x] At other times we gazed upon its calmer beauty, watching the bright waves as they chased our scudding bark, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race; while the light and beautiful sea foam rolled playfully about, upon the darker, denser waters.

1 We shipped heavy seas several times during the gale, and by a sudden lurch of the vessel, on one of these occasions, we were most unceremoniously unseated, and thrown into ludicrous, and not very pleasant, contact with one another and the various objects contained in our lit roundhouse, and when we had partially recovered our equilibrium, and succeeded in maintaining it, by grasping any stationary object within reach, we found the sea rolling and se breaking across our deck. No one received serious injury by the commotion. /

13th The sea is comparatively smooth today, though we have a fresh breeze which is wafting us ga onward to the shores of England. A beautiful Portuguese man-of-war, passed us this morning, with its streamers spread on the water. The se ~~is~~ full of sights and sounds of beauty, "in breeze an gale and storm," and in calm also. The variety of colors presented by the waters immediately around us, is remarkable. Gently rolling, or lightly tossing on the surface, is the beautiful snow-wh foam, around and beneath it the water is tin ed with bright blue, or delicate sea-green, and below this with a deeper green. Far off it sometim presents a dark blue appearance, though I have observed it only in fair weather.

15th Yesterday and today have been more brig ly beautiful than any preceding one of our voy X Today we are almost becalmed, and are [illegible] ing our accommodating captain [illegible] a boat, upon the glassy bosom of the Atlantic, and he has promised to do so, as soon as we are quite stationary.

Last evening we enjoyed, for the first time, the sight of a clear sunset. A few clouds floated over the spot where he sunk into "his ocean-grave" and their beautiful pale purple tints formed a fine contrast to the fiery color of the sky. We watched eagerly for the moment when it should kiss the wave, and from that moment until it sunk beneath it, it seemed to be resting on a pedestal of fire, diverging from the line of union, and extending downward, perhaps as far as a sixth part of the sun's diameter. When it was quite gone, a scene of quiet beauty remained for us to gaze upon; – the rich mingling of bright and pale hues reflected, from the western sky, upon the ocean, and in the deep blue heavens, opposite, the moon "walking in brightness", attended by a few pale shining stars.

Having so much enjoyed the sunset, we were induced to form a party for seeing a sunrise this morning. Five of us composed it, and being summoned at a little past 4 o'clock, we repaired to the bow of the vessel, and sent our half-opened eyes in search of the brightest spot in the eastern horizen, and waited for the first appearance of the god of day. But he did not appear at that spot in the heavens, which, until he came, had seemed the brightest, but at a point a little east of it. Slowly and majestically as he descended on the preceding evening, did he ascend to run his race of glory, in a sky as cloudless, as beautiful, over a se as calm, as lovely, as often greets the sailor's visi
The ocean has been so smooth today that we hav had a fine opportunity to see the living thing innumerable, with which God has filled it. The variegated polypus, the pretty nautilus, and tiny fishes of every kind sported around our vessel, and two specimens of the nautilus or Portuguese man-of-war were captured by the sailors and exhibited to us. They are very beautiful little creatures; their skin is of a shining purple or pink color, and almost transparent; their bodies appearing like inflated balls, to which are suspended long streamers. The touch of these is said to produce a sensation resembling that produced by scalding water, but more painful and protrac

Evening. The moon is shining brightly on the untroubled waters. We have been on deck, listening to the fine song, "The sea! the sea! the open sea!" How sweetly does vocal and instrumental music accord with the harmonies of the "great and wide sea"!

19th We had expected to have religious services on Sunday last, but were disappointed. A south-east wind sprung up during Saturday night, and when we arose in the morning, we found that a strong gale was blowing, and every thing again in commotion. We sustained no greater injury than the "carrying away" of our mizzen [illegible] yard, which, being interpreted, means the thereof. The gale of Sunday continued through yesterday; the sea is still rough and a stiff breeze is blowing. It was not very pleasant to sit in the roundhouse two whole days, scarcely peeping out on the ocean, excepting through the closed window; but with books and conversation we contrived to dispel, in part, the listlessness and languor, incident to a dull day at sea. We have a pleasant party, consisting of eleven persons, whose philosophical and theological diversities are sufficient to produce animated and interesting discussions, which pleasantly employ our time and thoughts. We roam at will over the wide field of theology, each earnestly contending for his, or her, own faith; or, if purer metaphysics tempt us, there are materialism—immaterialism—and phrenology, the latter of which has, among us, as zealous a defender as a science was ever blessed with. Or in more *practical* moods, non-resistance—temperance—and woman's rights, exercise our *combativeness*, *veneration*, *conscientiousness*, or *self-esteem*, as the case may be.

When weary of sitting in the round-house (which, by the way, is square, or nearly so) we walk the deck, or sit by the vessel's side, and watch the careering of the deep, deep sea; the sports of porpoises and black fish—the spouting of the whale in the distance,—or the grace and beauty of the paper-nautilus, gliding quietly by us. When weary of reading, we talk, and when weary of talking, we are silent. Indeed it is a most desultory life, in which nothing is regularly done but eating and sleeping, and scarcely the latter.

We rise whenever it suits us, breakfast at nine o'clock, lunch at 12, dine at 4, take tea at eight. At dusk, or in the evening we usually sing, and sometimes go out on the deck to listen to the songs of one of our steerage passengers.

24th A Sunday at sea! The first quiet one that I have spent, both the previous ones having been attended with heavy gales. I spent the morning delightfully, sitting on the rails† alternately reading and watching the beautiful waves. I think I should never, *never* tire of gazing on the exquisite beauty of the white foam, rolling, leaping, dancing over the dark waters, even if there was nothing else to admire at sea. So soft, so light, so ever-varying in form and motion and color; yet *all* so beautiful. Oh! how could Dewey write of sickness of the sea!

At one o'clock the passengers were assembled in the cabin, where prayers were offered, and two sermons delivered. Many seemed to enjoy it.

It is Victoria's birth-day; and the wine-drinking part of the ship's company are now celebrating it, around the dinner table, by drinking Champagne.

26th Land ahead! This announcement, usually so electrifying to voyagers, did not awaken in my bosom any other emotions than those which would naturally thrill it on beholding, for the first the shores of the old world. I am not yet tired of the sea, nor longing for the land.

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† A term used to designate the planks which pass around the sides of the ship, about [illegible] wide from the which form a [illegible]

Last evening the coasts of Kinsale loomed up before us, and continued in sight, several hours. This morning they had disappeared, and the mountains of Wales appeared this afternoon, in our south-eastern horizon. By the aid of a spy-glass, we can see a village on the shore.

// As it is possible that this is the last day that we shall dine on board, the gentlemen remained at the dinner table, an hour or two longer than usual, to drink toasts. We ladies looked down upon them, through the hatchway, and listened to their speeches. One of them proposed a toast in honor of the ladies of America, which was drunk with cheers, after which the gentlemen looked up to us, and requested that we would deputize one of their number to reply on our behalf. They were told that the women of America did not deputize gentlemen to do their business, but did it themselves; which reply elicited laughter and cheers for American ladies. By a long established and singular custom, our sex are banished from the dining-room, after a moderate quantity of wine has been drunk, that the intemperately inclined ~~inclined~~ may be relieved from the restraints imposed by their presence— a custom more eloquent than language, in praise of woman, and of the respect with which she is regarded, even by the unprincipled of the other sex. It is strange that this custom is still scrupulously observed, in many circles where the cause of its origin never exist.

27th. Taken a pilot on board. Had a delightful sail around Anglesea, Holyhead, and up the Mersey.

Evening. Here we are at last; anchored in the river Mersey, at Liverpool. England with its hills and vallies and greensward has delighted our eyes, and thrilled our hearts this afternoon. The banks of the Mersey are not remarkable for grandeur or beauty, but they are yet the shores of England; they are adorned with the hedges, the lawns, "the happy homes of England;" and as such they are fraught with rich and sweet associations, and "we gazed upon" them with feelings which their intrinsic beauty was by no means sufficient to inspire. The docks are full, and our good ship is obliged to anchor in the river, but a steamer has taken off all our passengers excepting our party, who are now seated around the table in the cabin, discussing plans for our future course, writing letters, journals, etc. And our voyage, our pleasant voyage, fraught with lifelong remembrances of beauty and grandeur and sublimity, is really ended; and our rocking, tumbling, tossing ship, which has borne us in safety across the Atlantic, is, at last, at rest!

I have been upon deck, to take another view of Liverpool by night. It is beautifully lighted and looks better than it did in the day. At a short distance, on the opposite side of the river is a revolving lighthouse which [illegible] appearance by emitting a much brighter light from one side than from the other.

The tour of England, with its wonders and its pleasures is before us, yet I am sure it will never efface my recollections of the wonders and pleasures of our voyage.

28th. Came on shore early on the morning of the 28th. and spent the day in looking at Liverpool. The houses are strongly built, and very black with the dust and smoke of bituminous coal. Visited St. James' cemetery, a beautiful place, formerly a stone quarry. The view of it, from the banks above, is very picturesque. In the center is a fine monument erected to the memory of Mr. Huskisson, a celebrated member of Parliament, who was suddenly killed while traveling on the railway. The place is by no means equal to Mt. Auburn, though more money has, doubtless, been expended upon it, in the excavation, etc. At the entrance we passed through a small tunnel under an immense rock, which adds to the beauty of the scene. One of the first objects which attracted our attention in Liverpool, was a fine pile of statuary in honor of England's idol, Nelson. It is of bronze, composed of several figures, one of Death with his hand upon the heart of the warrior, another of an angel stooping over him, presenting crowns to his dying gaze, and several mourning attendants around. All are very well executed.

Left Liverpool early this morning; crossed the Mersey in a steam-boat, and took our places on the top of the Chester coach, and had a delightful ride to Chester. I shall not attempt to describe the beauty of English scenery, so often, so perfectly done, but content myself with saying very little about things of which it is impossible to convey to others an accurate idea. The green hedge is ever the theme of the traveler in England, and I am sure that it is, in part, the absence of brown rail-fences, that distinguishes, so widely, an English landscape from our own. The hedge certainly does throw a spell of beauty around it, and when its dark green coloring is mingled with that of the bright laburnum and the flowering thorn, the effect is exquisite.

We passed several fine estates of English gentlemen, some old churches, and the fairy cottages of England. Observed some of the wretchedness which contrasts with her grandeur, and alloys the traveler's pleasure. On a distant mountain of Wales, Moel hill ma, (mother of the hills) we saw a Jubilee pillar, erected in celebration of the completion of the fiftieth year of the reign of "his most gracious majesty". George the 3rd.

Entered the walled city, through a handsome gateway, of apparently modern construction. They whose organs of marvellousness are largely developed, may admit the claim of these old walls, to be of Roman origin. Of a small, a very small portion, such an origin may be proved. The town wears an aspect of extreme antiquity, and, to me, seems very gloomy. The streets are very narrow, the buildings high, with sharp angled roofs, the architecture in as clumsy a style as can well be [illegible]

Visited Eaton Hall, (in the vicinity of Chester) the seat of the Marquis of Westminster, formerly known as Lord Grosvenor. It is an enchanted spot, concentrating more of gorgeous splendor, of exquisite beauty, and of rural loveliness, than my eyes ever before gazed upon. For me to attempt a discription either of these characteristics, would be the extremest folly, and much as I longed to share with my dear mother and sisters, the enjoyment of that hour, I cannot impart it to them. To feel it, you must come within its immediate influences; you must gaze upon its rich paintings and sculpture, its antique armor of bygone ages, the very wearing of which, (to say nothing of fighting in it) tells of physical capabilities unknown among us; you must tread the fairy paths of the enchanted grounds, and inhale the luxury which wood and lawn, and flower and tree, and trellised arbor, have prepared for the human eye and ear, and soul. I know not how it affects others, but I was oppressed to painfulness, by the beauty of the scene. And could I impart any portion of such emotions by describing the gorgeous furniture,– the doors & chairs which cost 100 guineas each – the state bed, worth £. 2000,– gilded wall, or fretted ceiling, I could tell you of these things; and, also, that Eaton Hall is 425 feet in length, and that the estate is 16 miles in circumference etc. etc., but how like mockery does all this seem, when its beauty and loveliness are living in my recollection, and glowing in my heart. They who can leave such a place with hearts unsoftened, and feelings unrefined, are indeed to be pitied. I can only say, May you, one day, see it.

Although on our return from the Hall, we felt if we had seen enough, quite enough for one day, yet, as a traveler's time is precious, we proceeded to visit the ancient and venerable cathedral. The transition from beauty to grandeur, was not unpleasant or difficult, and I gave myself up to the emotions which the place is fitted to inspire. The body of the cathedral, with one of the wings, (once a nunnery) we were told, is 1200 years old. The other wing, St. Mary's chapel, 800. This is uncertain. It is difficult to ascertain, at this distance of time, with accuracy. It is, certainly, very old, and much rougher in its appearance, than I had supposed. Its stone floors and carved work are massive and imposing. St. John's church, built, as we were told, 698 A.D. is apparently older than the cathedral. Its arches are of the Saxon order. But its adjacent ruin is more interesting than either. About 400 years since, a part of the church fell, and lies yet in ruins. Column, and wall, and arch, grown with richest verdure, crumbling almost at the touch – an arch entire, under tree has grown, and dividing "its branches at the arch, has uplifted them on either side, as if, in sympathy for decay, to offer support. Four walls enclose a small space, within which there lies, on the ground, a stone image of a woman, partly defaced, which our guide told us he found buried in the earth. Inserted in a niche in one of the walls was a wooden coffin, of very uncouth appearance, within which was carved, distinctly though rudely, the outlines of the human form, and the words, DUST TO DUST. Oh! what thoughts and emotions did they send rushing through our souls. Who, what, and where were they, thus imaged before us? Where _are_ they? These are scenes in which to learn, to _feel_, man's littleness, his weakness, and yet his incomprehensible value. These are scenes which write the motto, "Passing away," indelibly on the heart.

31st. Manchester. Came hither yesterday, on the outside of the coach, which, I can say with Mr. Dewey, "is the only side I ever wish to see." The town, containing about 260,000 inhabitants, is more dirty and smoky than Liverpool or Chester. The ride hither from Chester is very beautiful. Passed the seats of Lord Tabley, and the Earl of Stamford and Warrington; Mayor Hall, and other fine places; and, not less worthy of notice, many pretty cottages, with their trellised arbors, and neat flower gardens – and the beautiful green hedge surrounding the lowliest home.

Being much fatigued with my ride, I permitted my friends to take their first walk about Manchester, without me, and spent the time of their absence in recruiting for the morrow. This mg visited the Collegiate church, at 7½ o'clock, listened to part of a good sermon, and afterward surveyed the building. A fine old edifice – 400 yrs. old – connected with a college of charity. Attended my service at an Independent chapel, and heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Halley, the pastor. I enjoyed the services even more than I had anticipated. It was good, again to lift up the voice of thanksgiving and praise, in the courts of the Lord's house. And join with an English congregation in singing the very hymns and tunes which I have heard from childhood, and feel the strong bond of Christian union with those whose faces I never before saw, and shall never see again, was soul thrilling.

Visited two Sunday schools, composed chiefly children from the manufactories. The schools, one of boys, the other of girls, were small, but apparently well conducted, and in many respects similar to our own. There are few things here of interest to the traveler, except the manufactories. These we hope to inspect tomorrow, being informed that there is no difficulty in obtaining access to them.

June 2nd. _Warwick_. Yesterday mg. we visited a silk and a cotton manufactory at Manchester. With the first I was very much interested. The operatives generally looked healthier and happier than we expected to find them; particularly the children in the silk factory. Visited an exhibition of manufactures where are deposited many beautiful and curious specimens of mechanism, [illegible] pieces of sculpture. The latter not above mediocrity. A head of Shakespeare, and the figure of a sleeping infant are tolerably good.

In the afternoon, went by railway, to Birmingham, and entered my father's birthplace (to me, the most interesting of all England's towns and villages) too late in the Eveg. to see it. This mng. by the kindness of a friend, we obtained permission to inspect a pin, a button, and a plating-manufactory, a brass foundry, and an exhibition of plated ware, of almost every beautiful variety. The various operations of pin making, from the cleaning of the wire, to putting on the heads, are very interesting and curious. The manner of sticking the pins into the papers, and the astonishing facility with which it is done, are also worthy of attention. But what interested me more than all this, were the places where my dear father played in his boyhood. I had but a hurried glance at these, however, as we stopped but a few hours, delaying our visits to our relatives until our return. Birmingham is decidedly the handsomest, cleanest town that we have yet seen in England. There are some very fine buildings, among which is the free grammar school-house.

3rd. Woodstock. Came on to Warwick, on the top of the coach, and arrived in time to visit St. Mary's church, remarkable for some stiff, quaint looking statues, lying at full length in the body of the church — bad taste, I think.

Visited "the hospital of twelve brethren", a curious kind of charity, for the support of the ~~support~~ poor soldiers of five adjacent parishes — but twelve are admitted; — in case of a vacancy, if there are no applications from members of the army, others are permitted to avail themselves of the charity. Each of these twelve brethren is provided with two small neatly furnished rooms, and £ 80 per year, with which they procure their food, clothing, &c. Their food is cooked, and their garden cultivated, at the expense of the establishment, and nothing is required of them, but to attend church at the usual seasons. The building is very ancient — an inscription on a slab placed in the wall, informs visitors that in one of the halls, King James was, on a certain occasion, "right royally feasted". Our attendant told us that Queen Elizabeth had frequently visited the place, and showed us an old wardrobe of carved oak, which belonged to King James. She opened a door and let us peep at a staircase which led to a dungeon under the edifice, which, she told us, with a look of [illegible] was no doubt used as a place of punishment in the "times of the friars". In the garden stands a spherical monument of stone, which, she very gravely informed us, was preserved from the flood!

Before breakfast, this mng. we sallied forth to Warwick Castle. My heart beat high as I approached the place, reverend for its associations and its intrinsic grandeur. The high, massive wall presents a very imposing appearance, as you enter the grounds. At the entrance you will be met by two or three [illegible] extreme age, and antique livery, [illegible] ly in keeping with the venerableness of the place, and who, as they conduct you through its grounds, will secure for themselves, in your retrospections, a connection with the spot, forever after. No doubt their affection for it, is quite as strong, if not stronger than that of its noble lords. Conducting you through the outer gate, on either side of which is a small tower, designed as a post of attack upon an invading enemy, they will introduce you, first, to Guy's tower, which stands near the entrance, where are deposited the armor, the walking stick, (or, more likely, I think, the leaping pole) and the wonderful porridge-pot, of that wonderful Earl of Warwick. Whether or not this famous personage ever had more than an imaginary existence, is doubted, yet there is nothing incredible in the story which they tell of him. I thought the armor of his horse, too small, in proportion to his own. Having duly marvel'ed at these curiosities and listened to the thundering sound produced by drawing, one of the steel weapons across the edge of the porridge-pot, you will be escorted through the avenue leading to the castle. This is beautiful beyond description. Ah! that I may say of almost every part of this, and ~~the~~ other exquisite places, it has been my happy lot to visit, in this lovely land.

The avenue is walled, on either side, by solid rock, a part of the way, and a part of the way, by masonry. Upon this wall, and above it, climbs the rich, luxuriant ivy, and the banks at the top, (far above your head) are covered with noble forest trees. The great beauty of the grounds consists, I think, in the thick woods, which adorn various

parts of the estate. The moat, and what was once the drawbridge, but is now a fixed bridge, remain, to call up all the thrilling associations which connect this venerated spot with bygone ages. The first room of the castle, into which we were ushered, carried us back, in thought and feeling, some centuries. "There hung the antique armor, helm and crest," sword and halberd, with which the ancient earls of Warwick have given battle to their foes. Well was the place fortified against attack, and valiant must have been the invaders who could have forced an entrance there. Besides the outer wall, (which entirely surrounds the pleasure grounds,) and the moat, there is an inner wall, inclosing the castle and court-yard, in the corners of wh. are the towers. As we ascended one of them by a circular staircase, we frequently stopped to look out through the loop-holes, from wh. many an arrow has been shot at a daring foe, and as we stood upon the walls, we talked of the warriors, who, in mortal combat, had been hurled from those battlements, crimsoning the fair and lovely earth below. But such scenes have passed away, in England, and the fearfulness wh. mingles with their recollection, is sufficient only to inspire feelings of sadness and awe, as we tread the places, where they were once enacted.

The splendid furniture of the castle, one c admire but little, after wandering in its beautiful grounds; but there are some very fine paintings, worthy a much longer [illegible] we could bestow upon them. Among them were pictures of George 3rd, an infant in his mother's arms; Henry 8th, in childhood, and in advanced age; the Earl of Essex; Anne Boleyn; a head of Locke. Statues of Augustus Cesar, and Scipio Africanus, attracted my attention in the dining hall. The traveler should not forget to stop at the green-house and look at the famous vase, wh. was brought from Adrian's villa, near Rome; and then, after taking a farewell view of the majestic cedars of Lebanon, whose glory is made to contribute to the adornings of Warwick, he may retrace his steps through the long, shaded avenue, bearing with him (if he is so fortunate as to obtain leave to pluck it) a leaf of its ivy, for a talisman, to summon before him in after days, the scenes to wh. he bids adieu with so much regret.

Next to Kenilworth— far-famed Kenilworth— a pleasant ride of 5 miles— and we were there. It surpassed my expectations. Larger portions of the ruin than I had expected to see, are standing, and these, with their mantles of ivy, are far more beautiful than I had imagined. We explored all that remains of the strong tower, Cesar's tower, and the Earl of Leicester's *rooms*, as they are still called, though nothing but the walls are there. One of the towers (*that* most familiar and most interesting to the readers of Sir Walter Scott; the temporary retreat of Amy Robsart) is still accessible by a flight of stone steps, somewhat broken. It would be difficult to describe a ruin; such a ruin as Kenilworth— and still more so to describe the feelings with wh. we stood within those crumbling walls, gazing on dilapidated window frames, and half-effaced fire-places; fragments wh. remain to tell of stately halls, where royal festivals were held, and "sounds of revelry" were heard "at night," when Leicester exulted in his pride and power, the pampered favorite of his haughty sovereign— the perfidious oppressor of his wife.

I left it with regret, dungeon and tower, and ivied wall; on each, on all, I could have gazed, long hours, unwearied.

From Warwick, we came by post to Stratford-on-Avon, to pay our respects to the birthplace of Shakespeare; a tribute to his memory, offered more frequently by Americans, we were told, than by any other travelers. The celebrated though humble edifice which his name has immortalized, is distinguished from those around it, by a wooden sign, thus inscribed: "This is the house where the immortal Shakespeare was born." We left the record of our names, in the book kept for the purpose, to tell those who should come after us, that we had been within those honored precincts; and then wended our way to the quiet church-yard, where the great man's dust reposes in obedience to his will, expressed on his tomb-stone in an anathema upon "the wretch who moves his bones;" though in opposition to the wishes of many of his admirers, who would fain have long since transferred them to a resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

Our next trip was to Woodstock to visit Ble heim, a fine estate, the nation's gift to the Duke of Marlborough, for his services in battle in the reign of Queen Anne. Blenheim is different from anything that we have visited here; very, very beautiful. Its long grove of noble oaks, its extensive sloping lawn, its vales, and brook, delighted me more than the highly cultivated garden of Eaton Hall. On the highest elevation of the lawn, commanding a noble prospect, stands a monument, erected in honor of Churchill, first incumbent of the dukedom. A palace of Henry the 8th, once stood here; its site was pointed out for us and our steps were directed to Rosamond's well, the only remaining token of her famous bower, which I believe some of the party succeeded in finding, though I did not.

We stood awhile by the monument, admiring the splendid view which its location affords, of the palace—trees—and lawn—and receiving pleasure through every sense, while the mellow tones of far-off chiming bells, and the slowly fading twilight, added their influences to throw a charm around the spot. The moon and stars looked down upon us, before we left Blenheim. As our reluctant footsteps lingered on its boundaries, sweet strains of music came from one of its distant groves, and detained us, most willingly, awhile longer. We listened, and distinguished voices singing, "Shades of evening! close not o'er us;" and as the last words, "Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!" fell upon our ears, we turned to leave this little paradise. The effect was enchanting; more like romance than reality.

Farewell forever, noble Warwick—venerable and mournful Kenilworth—celebrated and honored Stratford—and Blenheim—lovely Blenheim—far ye-well! To have seen you all in one day, seems really too much. We shall be surfeited with beauty. Impressions never to be erased, influences never to be lost, I trust, I bear from you. Thanks to you for them! or rather, thanks to Him who clothed you with power to produce them; to Him "who made the mind for beauty and beauty for the mind."

June 6th. London. Well here we are in the metrop lis of the world, itself an epitome of the world! From Woodstock we went, in flies, to Oxford, where we spent a few delightful hours, in visiting the colleges the Bodleian library, its interesting picture galle and collection of curiosities of various kinds. Among latter, we spied the lantern of Guy Fawkes, a rusty thing, which was presented by the gov.t to this library and is carefully preserved. We thought it worth our while to spend a little time in exploring the coll grounds, and did not regret it. Some of these acad ic groves are very beautiful. I believe they are accessible at all times, to strangers, and to the inhabitants of town. To all the colleges which we wished to enter we easily obtained entrance, and in the chapels connected with them, found much to admire. The chapel of the New college is adorned with beautiful carvings in wood, of emblems of the crucifixion, and of other designs, a unique style of ornament, and one wh pleased me much. The chapel of Trinity college may well be celebrated for its richly painted windows, superior, probably to anything of the kind in Englan They are splendid, though, to be sure, it does s me strangely to see the old prophets and apostles drest up in blue and crimson robes, looking like monarchs at a festival. If good old John the Baptist is there, as very likely he is, I am sure he could not be identified by his "raiment of camel's hair," and "leathern girdle about his loins."

On our way from the colleges to our hotel, we passed the memorable and mournful spot where Ridley and Latimer attested, in the flames, the truth of their religion, and rose to receive their martyr-crowns. The sacred spot, where, surely, the christian traveler would pause, at least a moment, to think what his religious liberty has cost, is marked by a stone cross,+ laid in the ground. It is in the middle of the street.

Oxford is a pleasant place, and its beauty is not marred, by the smoke and dust which defaces the manufacturing towns of England. It has many attractions for a traveler, and would repay a more protracted visit, than we made to it.

Mounted, once more, the stage coach, (a cheaper and pleasanter mode of traveling, than by post,) and as we slowly ascended the hill which leads from the town, I took my last view of classic Oxford. By coach and railroad car, we traveled so rapidly, that the towers of Windsor castle soon appeared in sight, and we were speedily deposited at the "brown inn," a hotel, by the way, which we can cordially recommend to those who may follow in our steps; a place where the traveler, if he is as fortunate here, and as unfortunate in some other places, as we were, will learn that goodness of fare, and comfort of accommodations, are not always proportioned to the amount of charges. There is nothing peculiarly attractive here excepting the castle, and the famous Eton school.

Windsor castle is magnificent, as every body knows, but every body does not know what a lovely view of its woody park, may be had from its noble terrace. As we could not obtain admission to the interior of the castle until the next day, we contented ourselves with strolling about the court-yard, pacing the terrace, and were not a little amused by "all the pomp and circumstance" of royalty, with which it is surrounded. As we passed the armed sentries at the gates, I could not help thinking how they must long to doff their huge beavers, and lay down their heavy weapons, and exchange the stiffness and stillness of their statue-like position for the freedom and motion of life. Poor things! I pitied them. It must be irksome enough to stand, by the hour, ready for attack or defence, when neither themselves or anybody else, could possibly conjecture what danger is impending, or what dreaded foe in the quiet little town of Windsor, is likely to call in requisition the loaded musket and bristling bayonet.

The next morning we sought and obtained admission to the residence of majesty, and were politely conducted through several of its apartments and permitted to linger awhile to admire the profusion of splendid paintings, and the rare specimens of tapestry with which the walls are hung. An American will be interested and pleased in observing how many of the former are from the pencil of West. The cenotaph of the Princess Charlotte, which occupies a corner of the chapel, is to be the finest piece of statuary in England. The design is a singular one. The Princess is represented as lying on her couch, in the position in which she died; above her are the figures of two angels, one of whom is conveying her infant to heaven. The design is not pleasing to all persons, but none, I think, will find fault in the execution. We listened awhile to the sweet music of the morning service in the chapel, and then took the coach, which we had detained an hour, and proceeded to London. We left Windsor by a road that lay through its beautiful park and, onward, through a lovely section of country. Passed a gipsy encampment, and saw some *real* gipsies in the woods. I should have liked to have paid them a visit, but that was out of the question. Entered London, by Kensington, passed Hyde Park - through Piccadilly, Pall Mall, the Strand, and passing under Temple Bar, entered the city. The dome of St. Paul's soon burst upon our view, but did not awaken those sensations which I expected. Indeed I have seen so many sights of wonder and magnificence and beauty, within the last week, that I cannot feel much excited, just now, about any thing of that sort. I do not know but I could walk, unmoved, through the streets of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The only object which has yet produced any of the feelings which I anticipated, on entering the metropolis of the world, is Black Friars bridge. Some association of my early childhood is connected with this bridge, and it was with no little pleasure that I looked out upon it from my chamber windows in Queen St.

We have busily employed the first day of our visit here. In company with some friends whom found here, we directed our steps toward the Tunnel, which has been so accurately pictured, that it seemed as familiar to my eye, as if I had seen it an hundred times before. One arch is nearly completed. We explored its finished parts, and then Mrs. S. and myself (the only ladies of the party) retraced our steps to the entrance, leaving the gentlemen to wend their way through water, mud, and darkness, a short distance farther, for the purpose of inspecting a part of the machinery by which this wonderful work has been accomplished. As we sat in the entrance room, awaiting their return, we asked the old man who occupied the office of porter, receiving the admission fees of visitors, etc. how long he had been there. "Seventeen years," was the reply. It was a specimen of the *permanence* of things in England. In America, very likely seventeen different men would have filled the office, during that time.

From the Tunnel we proceeded in a small boat, up the Thames, and landed at the Tower. This ancient and once terrible place, is I think, one of the most interesting objects in London. It is a strongly built edifice, well fortified, still partly surrounded by a moat, and probably derives its [illegible] from the fact that it was designed for, and is, a place of defence. Here as at all other places belonging to the crown, you find numerous armed soldiers, who, however savage they may be in fighting the battles of John Bull, are civil and affable enough to visitors in times of peace. One of them conducted us through the apartments of the Tow explaining to us the uses of the different objects of curiosity and wonder that are there preserved. Among these were instruments of ancient torture; ancient weapons; the ax and block used in the decapitation of Anne Boleyn, Mary, Queen of Scots, and probably many other celebrated, and perhaps innocent persons. At one end of the hall in which these things are exhibited, is a wax figure, as large as life, representing Queen Elizabeth on horse-back going to church, to give thanks for a victory! Ascending a staircase, we entered a large room containing 150.000 stand of arms; an equal number, we were told, had recently been sent away, to supply the demands of the war in China. Here, too, were many pieces of artillery which have been taken in warfare, from various foes in almost all parts of the earth. One very curious piece of ordnance, brought from the East, was said to be carved out of a solid block of wood! The walls and ceiling of this room are adorned with clusters of small weapons; pistols, bayonets, gunlocks, etc. fastened together in various and curious shapes; some of them resembling the ornaments of stucco, common upon ceilings. The balustrade of the stair case is composed entirely of the implements of warfare, small cannons being used for the larger shafts of the railing, and other weapons of suitable size and form, for the other parts. In a long hall are arranged, side by side, full sized figures of the kings of England, on horseback, clothed in the armor of their respective times. With them also, are some of the dukes, earls, and other great men of the nation. Most of them are clothed with steel armor, and a few with the curious chain armor of olden times. The horses too are well defended by plates of steel.

We were shown the prisons where the Earl of Essex and Sir Walter Raleigh were confined. That of the latter, we entered. It is a small, low, gloomy room, or rather cell. The prison of the Earl of Essex was not open to visitors, but our guide showed us the low narrow door through which the unhappy prisoner passed the ring which he entrusted to the treacherous Countess of Nottingham. The interesting room where the little princes were murdered by their ambitious uncle, we were not permitted to enter; a view of its walls and windows, from the court-yards was all we could obtain, much to my disappointment. We were however admitted to a sight of what I suppose most people would deem better worth a visit; the crown and jewel room; where are displayed the brilliant crown, made for her present majesty, which, we were told, weighs one pound and a quarter, and £1,000,000, the crown worn by William 4th, the communion plate and christening font, consecrated to royalty, "the sword spiritual, and sword temporal," (so our guide called them, though we should probably have discerned no more spirituality in the substance of one than the other) a pair of bracelets, worn by her majesty, etc. etc. A brilliant show room, it certainly is. We loitered about the court-yard, awhile, listening to some fine music by a band of soldiers, and then looked our last on this famous theater of so many fearful tragedies of by-gone times; and turned our steps toward Queen St. Finished the day with a pleasant tea-party at the Anti-Slavery office, where were assembled many friends of the cause, and some distinguished philanthropists, whom we were glad to meet. These gatherings, which are designed to mingle the business of an anti-slavery meeting, with the social enjoyment of a tea-party, are new to us, and very pleasant.

Friday 12th. The first day of our Convention. This has been a busy week. On Monday, breakfasted with Elizabeth Pease, an interesting, sensible woman, of the Society of Friends, whose acquaintance we have made here. Met a pleasant party, among them, Professor Adam, formerly a resident, for several years, in India, and now an active friend of the British India Socy.

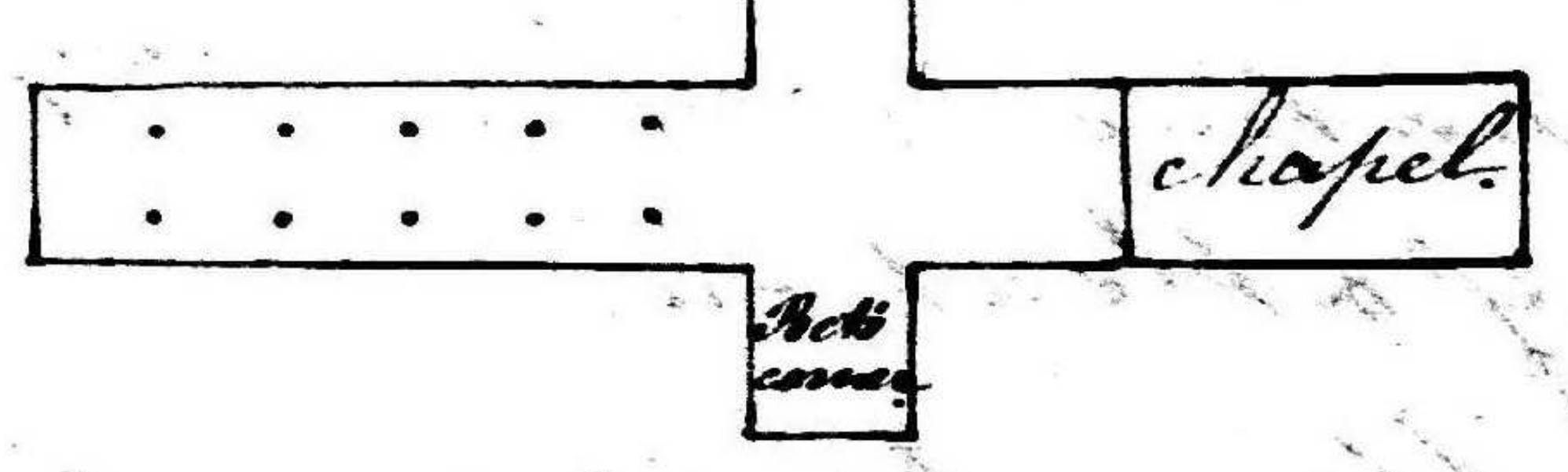
// On Monday evening, at a second tea-party, at the A.-S. office, I met, with equal surprise and pleasure, our new cousin Wendell Phillips. I was quite delighted with him, and every succeeding interview has increased my love and respect for his noble intellect and heart. The next morning, took a long walk, alone, to find Anne, and prided myself on my skill in pioneering my way, without map or chart, through the streets of London. Spent a delightful hour or two with Anne, talking of old times and departed friends; those loved ones who had gone home to heaven, since last we met, and then returned to my boarding-house, where I met, in the evening, a pleasant party of friends—among them, that "brother beloved," George Thompson, who seems to us as an old acquaintance. Mr. Wm. Knibb, the dear, persecuted miss.y to Jamaica, is here also.

On Wednesday visited, with nearly all our party, the zoological gardens at Regent's Park, the finest in London. The park is a pleasant promenade, and the gardens as beautiful as English shrubbery can make them. The collection of animals is large, embracing an astonishing variety. Among them are three fine giraffes, and the largest elephant and rhinoceros in Europe, and some very beautiful zebras, tigers and leopards, besides animals of a rarer kind.

Finished the day with another social par at the A.-S. office, at which the discussions were more interesting than at either of the preceding ones. Near the close of the evening, a gentleman announced that intelligence had just been received, that the Queen had been twice shot at, while riding in St. James' park, that evening. He expressed the sorrow which English hearts must feel at the tidings of the sad event, and presumed that the American friends present, would sympathise with them. Her majesty received no injury, and immediately stood up in her carriage to show her people, who were fast gathering around her, that she was unhurt. She was not much alarmed, and continued her ride, for three quarters of an hour, escorted by crowds of gentlemen on horseback who thronged around her carriage, eager to protect the person of their youthful sovereign. The offender was quickly secured. The daring deed was at first regarded as that of a madman, but has since been, by some, attributed to a secret combination in the Hanoverian interest. The present king of Hanover, the Queen's uncle, is, in the event of her dying without issue, heir to the throne of Great Britain, and it has long been suspected, upon what evidence I know not, that he desires, if not designs, her majesty's death.

Yesterday, some of our company proposed going to Windsor, and others being differently engaged, we made a very small party, and visited Westminster Abbey. A place of which you have often heard and thought, but of which, unless you have formed a more correct conception of it, than I had done, before I was privileged to see it, you know very little. I wish I could convey to you some idea of what Westminster Abbey is, and of the emotions which it is fitted to excite in the breast of a stranger who stands, for the first time within its solemn shadows. It is a place in which to *think*, and *feel*; and one should sit down on the old tomb-stones, or in a niche of the walls, or on the pedestal of a column, and call up around him images of the "buried past," until he lives in by-gone ages, a contemporary of the dead around him. Or he may do this as he treads the aisles of the chapel of Henry the 7th, and pauses to gaze on the costly and splendid mausoleum of the lovely Mary, Queen of Scots, musing on her interesting and mournful history, on the gorgeous tomb of the haughty Elizabeth and her bloody sister Mary, who lie, side by side, beneath one monument. And here, thought I, have come, at last, earth's great ones of many ages; sovereigns and subjects, friends and foes, the mighty in intellect, the crowned and sceptred, their pomp and power vanished, their feuds forgotten, to lie down together in the dust of death! It is a mournful place, gorgeous, yet full of gloom; yet a place where I would love to dwell, day after day, in solitary and silent musing. I have seldom on leaving any place in England, cast so long and lingering a look behind, as I did on leaving Westminster Abbey, when I was compelled to return to the busy abodes of living men. Among the many objects of interest which it contains are monuments erected in honor of distinguished individuals who are interred elsewhere. There are several of these in the "poet's corner" — one an appropriate inscription, (extracted from his own writings) to Shakespeare's memory, who decreed that his last resting-place should be within his own native village. Handel's monument is worthy of attention. The musician is represented in a sitting posture; behind him is a well-sculptured organ; on one side, a harp, and before him, a scroll containing a portion of his "Messiah," commencing "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The effect of the whole is very fine. There is some good statuary here, but none, I think, equal to the cenotaph of Princess Charlotte, at Windsor castle. One piece is remarkable for its design, being unlike anything else that I saw there. It represents a gentleman supporting his dying wife, and extending one hand to repel the shaft of Death, whose terrific form is darting out from the tombs beneath. ~~The~~ Among other objects of interest that are preserved in one apartment of the chapel is the antique chair, on which all the monarchs of England since the times of Jame the 2nd. have been crowned. It is of rude appearance, and very much defaced by the names that have been carved upon it, by persons who, having had the honor of sitting in it, wished to leave a record thereof, for the edification of those who might come after them. Beneath the seat of the chair, between the rounds, is the celebrated stone on which the Scottish kings were ~~crowned~~, and which was brought to England to be thus honored.

The Abbey was built in the form of a cross, but the addition of the chapel of Henry the 7th. has elongated the main stave, at the upper end;- thus;



The position of the organ, near the center of the cathedral intercepts the fine view of the main nave, which one would otherwise have, from either end; though it is probably well located, with reference to sound. On such occasions as a coronation, it is removed. A portion of the cathedral near the upper part of the cross, is partially enclosed, and used for a place of worship. The lower part is open, divided only by two rows of magnificent columns, extending from the floor to the roof of the lofty building. The exterior of the chapel is far more beautiful than that of the cathedral. In the vicinity of the Abbey is the celebrated Westminster school and opposite is Westminster Hall, where we stopped a few minutes to look into the courts, which were in session. The counselors in their white wigs and black gowns and the judges in their red robes, present a singular, and almost ludicrous appearance to an American.

On leaving Westminster, we directed our steps to Charing Cross, to visit the National Gallery of paintings. Among many other beautiful and interesting pictures, "the Banishment of Cleombrotus by Leonidas" "The Holy Family," painted by Murillo, & "the buried lord", principally attracted my attention.

The zoological gardens at Surry, whither we next proceeded, are decidedly inferior to those of Regent's Park. The collection of animals is much smaller, and the gardens not nearly so beautiful. Among the few animals that we found there, which are not to be seen at Regent's Park, was the sacred bull of the Brahmins, a very beautiful and graceful creature. The principal attraction of these gardens, is an occasional exhibition of fire-works, a representation of an eruption of Mt. Hecla, which is certainly very well done.

15th. The first meeting of the Convention, held on the 12th inst. was full of interest, as all concer ed, had anticipated. The presence of the venerable and beloved Clarkson, the renowned and noble-hearted O'Connell, and many others of the *truly great* of earth, made it a memorable occasion to us. We listened, for the first time to the eloquence of Ireland's champion, and the tremulous accents of the dear old patriarch of freedom. The latter remained in the Convention but a short time, as his age and feebleness require that he should avoid protracted excitement. His daughter-in-law and little grandson Thomas Clarkson, aged nine years, accompanied him. Before he left the meeting, a copy of the "Hist. of Pennsylvania Hall," was presented to him, in a brief speech by my father, which I would have liked you to hear, but which I cannot transcribe for you.

After our venerable president had left the Hall, the contest respecting the eligibility of women to seats as members of the Convention, was immediately commenced, and sustained with great vigor, during the remainder of the session. [As you are already familiar with the history and result of that contest, I shall omit here, the description of it, which I sketched for you, at the time] I wanted you to enjoy with me some of the eloquence that it elicited. At its close, John Angell James, of Birmingham, remarked, (in reply to some observations of Wendell Phillips, respecting the duties which he and his colleagues owed their constituents,) ~~that~~ he did not doubt that the American gentlemen would go home to their constituents with honor, having faithfully discharged their trust, and he was sure that their female friends would entirely acquit them of lukewarmness in defending their cause. Mr. J. is a pleasant, humorous man, agreeable in conversation, and affable in his manners.

On the second day of the Convention, our venerable friend Clarkson was present for a short time. On the following day, (Sunday) he sent a note to our boarding house, informing the American ladies that he would like to pay his respects to them in person, and that, if agreeable, he would call on them, with his daughter and grandson, in the evening. He did so and we acknowledged, as well as we could, the honor he had so kindly done us.

16th. Yesterday, in one of his speeches, O'Connell alluded in terms of disapprobation, to the exclusion of a portion of the Am. delegation, from the Convention; and in an interview with us, afterward, (during which I had the honor of an introduction to the Irish agitator) he expressed a hope that the decision would be reversed. He was not present during the discussion of the subject in the Convention.

Among the pleasant reminiscences of this meeting, will be, ~~not only~~ my introduction, not only, to this great man, but to others whose names are not less loved and respected by me. Of such are

John Angell James, and John Howard Hinton; whom you have long known, through their writings. I have also had the pleasure of meeting Amelia Opie, who honors the Convention with her presence.

17th. Yesterday, joined a very pleasant tea-party, at the house of an interesting lady, Mrs Reid, who seemed to think that we were conferring a favor on her, by the visit. You have no idea of what important characters the Am. women have become, since their transportation, or of the overwhelming attention which we receive. Our delegation is regarded as quite a phenomenon, which every one is anxious to see. We are, almost every day, introduced to numbers of persons who request this *privilege*, and who look upon us with countenances of mingled astonishment and respect. Publicly and privately, we are edified with laudatory allusions to the sacrifices we have made in leaving our homes, "braving the dangers of the Atlantic," (little thought we of its dangers, when we had the happiness to be upon it,) to come hither for the sake of the anti-slavery cause, etc. etc. Some of our number are beginning to inquire how we shall bear to sink into obscurity again; but for me to sink into the obscurity of my beloved home, if it be obscurity, to revolve again in the orbit which God has assigned me, within that home, will be far from irksome. Sweet images of domestic

quiet, and calmness, and rest, often float abou my wearied brain; presenting a strong contrast to the excitement and commotion of the busy whirl in which we exist.

This morning we have had the pleasure of listening to the celebrated Dr. Madden, who testifie of what he has seen and heard in the West Indies. Also to Thomas Fowell Buxton, who was received by the audience, with loud applause.

Evening. I am almost sick to-night in conseque of the intense excitement endured today. At the commencement of our afternoon session, an even occurred, which so deeply and painfully excited the feelings of the assembly, that it will be long before they will recover their usual tone. A man had been sent to close some window in the arched ceiling, above the cornice, and as he pa ed along, on the cornice, he lost his hold, and was precipitated thence, into our midst, a distance of 35 or 40 feet!! The horror struck, and almost brea less assembly, covered their faces with their hands, or gazed in silent despair on each other's countenances, as if asking relief which they knew none could give. The poor man was carried out insensible, but alive; having fallen, not on the floor, but upon two gentlemen who were seriously injured by the collision. After their removal, our chairman proposed to the sad assembly, to remain awhile in silence, as is our custom at the opening of the morning session. It was indeed in accordance with our agitated spirits, to be and many hearts, no doubt, found vent, in solemn prayer, to the strange and tumultuous feelings that were swelling within them.

Reports from the physicians, were frequently brought to us, during the afternoon, all of which expressed hope of the unfortunate man's recovery, but such an event is very doubtful.

19th. Yesterday, our friends W. L. Garrison, and N. P. Rogers were present, for the first time, at the Convention, having just arrived in the country. On learning the decision of the Convention, respecting the rejection of a portion of the American delegates, they felt that their duty to the societies which they represented, forbade their becoming members of it; and with two other American delegates, Wm. Adams and Charles L. Remond, took their seats in the gallery of the Hall.

On the 17th inst. we dined with the celebrated Anna Braithwaite, and her pleasant family. She seems to be a liberal minded woman, not confining her religious sympathies to her own sect. One of her daughters is an Episcopalian, and actively devoted to the cause of missions.

Yesterday dined with Thomas Sturge and family — very hospitable people — They introduced us to a very bountiful dinner, which was succeeded, after an interval of fifteen or twenty minutes, by tea and coffee, with their usual accompaniments. In this busy age of the world, it may be advantageous, as a time saving arrangement, to condense two meals into one, but it makes rather large demands upon one's digestive organs.

Had a view of Lady Byron, as she sat near us, in the Convention. She looks very much like o er women; not particularly unamiable or wicked. She appears younger than I had imagine her. Perhaps the greatest sin that can be laid t her charge, relative to the unhappiness of her m rimonial connection, was that her character and temperament were unsuited to those of Lord Byron. She has the reputation of being very benevolent.

20th. Thomas Campbell, the poet, entered the h this morning, and was loudly greeted. H. B. Stanton paused in the midst of a speech which was making, to allow him to address the Convention. He did so briefly, in rather a nervous manner. He wished to send a message to his li erary friends in America. It was, that he felt bou as a man of letters, to be faithful to the cause of liberty, "for literature flourishes only in the freedom of the press." "Give my compliments," he added, addressing the American Delegates, "to my literary friends in America, and request from me, that they will write on the subject of slavery; but that they will not write in verse. The Americans have very fine heads for prose, but their poetry goes on all fours." When he sat down, Mr. Stanton resumed his speech. In remarking on what had been done, and was doing in our land, in behalf of liberty, he mentioned the names of Sigourney, Bryant, Whittier, and some others, calling them crawling poets. At the name of Bryant, Campbell interrupted him, saying no, no, he is a great man. "But he is an American," cried Stanton, amid thunders of applause. He alluded, in complimentary terms, to the literary aid which Campbell had given to the anti-slavery cause, repeating one or two stanzas of his, upon the stars and stripes of the American flag, of which stanzas, he said he wished there had been twenty. He then quoted that fine passage in one of Whittier's poems, commencing, "Shall our New England stand erect, no longer?" which was received with demonstrations of pleasure loud and long. He expressed a hope that Mr. Campbell would continue to rebuke the sin of American slavery, in stirring poetry, and suggested that he should versify some of O'Connel's speeches; which ludicrous proposal was greeted with loud laughter. Campbell left the hall, before his eloquent reprover sat down, which he soon did, amid hearty cheers.

22nd. Today we have received the intelligence of the death of the poor waiter. How sudden was his transition from health and strength, to helplessness and insensibility, and soon to death!

Yesterday morning, attended service at Regent's St. chapel, and heard a very celebrated preacher of the name of Melville. I was somewhat disappointed in the sermon, as I had heard the clergyman highly praised. We could not obtain very comfortable seats, on account of a scandalous practice, which prevails in this church, at least, of locking the pew doors, and leaving strangers to stand in the aisles, or sit on benches under the galleries, if they are so fortunate as to find room there. I believe, however, that this chapel is attended by some of the nobility, and it is, certainly, not to be expected that they should consent to sit or kneel side by side with those of ignoble blood.

In the afternoon we went to Westminster Abbey, as I was very desirous to join in the worship of a congregation, within the walls of this venerable and venerated place. I could hear distinctly, scarcely a word of the liturgy, and the sermon was not above mediocrity, yet the scene was soul-thrilling: it was in Westminster Abbey, that I was listening to the prayers and praises of the "great congregation;" with the renowned dead slumbering beneath me, the monuments of departed glory and grandeur around me; while the rays of the descending sun were streaming through the richly stained windows, adding brightness even to their gorgeous hues, and the deep tones of the organ were reverberating through the aisles and arches of that solemn temple. There was much of sadness in my reflections, but that seemed appropriate to the place.

23d. Well! the Convention has closed. Its last meeting was held to-day. It has been full of interest, and we trust that great good will result to the cause of freedom, from it; although in some respects it has not equaled our expectations. It has not been so democratic as Americans would have made it, and has partaken more largely of the peculiar character of the institutions of the country in which it was held, than we had anticipated. The future must reveal what it has done.

Tomorrow I must bid adieu to many friends whom the intercourse of a few days has made dear to me, and shall probably meet them no more on earth. How precious is the hope of meeting some of them in heaven! Oh what would social intercourse – human friendship – earthly love, be, but for the hope that it will be permanent!

24th. A public meeting of the British and Foreign A.-S. Society was held today, in Exeter Hall. His royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, a very pleasant and benevolent looking old gentleman, took the chair. Our venerable Clarkson made a short speech, and retired early. There were many and some very good speeches, from Englishmen and Americans. O'Connel feasted the audience with his eloquence, and Knibb electrified them with thrilling narratives. Charles L. Remond, a young colored American came forward on the platform, and asked permission to speak, and having obtained it, he addressed the meeting for a short time with earnestness and power. The speakers were received and cheered on with tremendous applause, which, in England, consists not *merely* in clapping of hands, and stamping of feet, but with these are mingled *shouts* of delight, loud cries of hurra bravo! etc. The audience frequently called for Thom son, but his name was not on the list of spea ers for the day. At last they became impatient, and with their loud cries of "Thompson, Thompson," drowned the voices of those who tried to add them. "He is not here," cried a member of the committee of arrangements, in reply to their repeated calls. "*He is*"! shouted the indignant audience. Here he is! cried some one, pointing to a corner of a gallery, where he had ensconced himself. Compelled to come forward, he said a few w (as soon as the thunders of applause subsided) excusing himself from making a speech, on accou of the presence of foreigners who were expected as the orators of the day, and promising to addr them on some other occasion, sat down. A f more speakers were listened to, but the hour was late, and the audience rapidly diminish ing. His royal highness had retired at an ea ly hour, on account of another engagement. At length the meeting adjourned, and the dense throng poured out, by different avenues, fro the elegant and spacious building.

Spent the evening at a soiree, given by the E lish, Scotch and Irish abolitionists, to their foreign visitors. After tea, we were entertained by speeches from Dr. Madden [illegible]

Remond, Garrison and Thompson, Mrs. Mott and some others. It was indeed a pleasant gathering. Among the lions, or, at least, the curiosities of the evening, was the famous America Vespuccia.

25th. Devoted a few hours to the deservedly famed British Museum. One might wander for days and weeks, even, in its halls, and scarcely be able to make a cursory examination of the almost endless variety of curious and interesting objects that have found their way thither. Those which interested me most, were the Egyptian monuments, the sarcophagi, and the "Elgin marbles," as they are called, those relics, of which sacrilegious hands have despoiled the Parthenon. Oh! it is sad to think that any heart could be so coldly selfish, any hands so rudely barbaric, as to violate, for wealth or fame, the sanctity of such a temple.

Visited Sir John Soane's museum. A very pretty thing, on a small scale. Among his collection of wonders, are some very good pictures, and a sarcophagus, superior, I think, to any in the British museum. It is translucent and we were told that a light placed within it, at night, produces a fine effect. It is covered, within and without, with the cabalistic signs of Egypt's mystic lore.

"The thoughts are strange, that crowd into the brain, as we look on these mementos of a "world gone by," which have come down to us, to link us with the past.

Here we saw, too, a model of the city of Herculaneum, which excited a slight degree of the feeling which the original would probably produce

July 7th. On the 26th June, we took the tour of St. Paul with our dear friend, George Thompson, for an escort. As we entered the church during the hour of daily morning service, we proceeded to that part of the building which is devoted to purposes of worship which at that hour is open to all. It is a small apartment, but more than large enough for the f worshipers who had assembled there. After the services were concluded, we commenced our examination of the monumental sculpture which plentifully adorns the basement of the chur

Under the tesselated pavement, at the central point of the area beneath the dome, England has entombed her idol, Nelson. As he was faithful the hour of peril, to what he deemed her best interests, so has she been faithful to his memory, and to the execution of his dying wishes. His name is revered in palace and cottage, the remembrance of his is perpetuated by painter and sculptor, and his favorite motto has become one of England's household words.

Around the warrior are the monuments of other heroes, who asked neither justice or honor of their country or the world, yet have received both. Heber and Howard sought the hon which cometh from God only" and men have accounted them worthy of a name and a place in this honorable temple. Here too, is commemorated the "burial of Sir John Moore." He is represented in the arms of his fellow soldiers, who are "slowly and sadly" laying him down: i field of his fame." He is robed in the habiliments of war, but the "martial cloak" is wanting.

After looking at the sculpture (of which, I think, the finest piece is the statue of Heber) as long as we wished, or rather as long as we conveniently could, we commenced the ascent of the staircase, at the foot of which the visitor must pay twopence, if he happen to enter the church during the time of worship, because at that time, the attendant is not allowed to require the customary fee at the door. We had mounted about a dozen steps, when we were again stopped and requested to pay $1^{s}.6^{d}$ which sum, we were repeatedly assured, would procure for us, a sight of the whole building and all it contained. Having settled this point, as we thought, beyond dispute, we resumed our journey, and were conducted successively, to the library, the trophy room, the geometrical stair-case, and the whispering gallery. The trophy room contains nothing but a few old, tattered, banners, a huge lantern, which was once used in some part of the church, and one of Sir Christopher Wren's designs for the edifice, afterward abandoned. The geometrical staircase is not a remarkable object, though it was probably rare in its day. It resembles any other perfectly formed, well constructed *circular* staircase. Neither of these two objects are in my opinion, worth the sixpence paid for a sight of them. The *library*, however, is well worth its admission fee, although to look *within* the books, is a forbidden pleasure. Here we saw a specimen of the music first printed in England.

In the whispering gallery, we sat down, to rest ourselves, and to prove the wondrous capabilities of this famous place. The sound of a voice, fr the opposite side of the gallery, (the distance is the diameter of the base of the dome) resembles that of a person within a few feet of you, speaking in low tones, not a whisper. The shutting of a door opposite to the place where we sat, produced a sound, equal to the report of a small cannon. Having satisfied our curiosity here, we ascend a little higher, and issued forth to look do on the world below. But not yet satisfied with ou elevation, we went on until we had gained the highest point of observation *outside* the dome. Here we were more than 350 feet above the city, whose swarming multitudes, and crowded edifices looked like a dim picture, beneath u distance from the base of the church to the top of the cross which surmounts it, is said to be 40 feet.

All that now remained to be explored was the famous ball, to which the ascent was more difficult. The aspirations of a part of our company did not reach so high ~~as high~~, and they quietly waited below, until the more ambitious had accomplished this last feat. The attendant assured us that ladies could not go up to the ball, but being of the opinion that the ties of *ladies* are very much depreciated in this world, I thought it worth while to ascertain, for myself, whether they could, or not. So, on we went, but were quickly stopped by one of the representatives of John Bull, with which such places abound, who demanded another 1.6. for this additional sight. Those who have had little experience of these "tricks upon travelers" with which foreign countries abound, would probably be surprised to learn, as we did in this instance, that every part of a building is not comprised in "the whole."

Well, to the *ball* we ascended, and I found it, as I suspected, no such marvel achievement, *even for a lady*, and was very glad that I attempted it. When we descended the attendant happened to recollect that ladies *had* been up, before me. An easy descent, and a peep at the machinery of the immense clock, completed our interesting visit to St. Paul's, and we left it, probably never to look upon its like again. It seems, to me, an immense building, and it is so, though a traveler from Italy tells me that "you might put it into a corner of St. Peter's, and walk around without noticing it." Probably intending to be understood *rather* hyperbolically.

On the 28th, the last Sunday that I spent in London, I found my way to the chapel of John Howard Hinton, with whose name and writings you are familiar. He was among the fe English ministers whom I very much wished t see and hear, nor did I regret that I spent half of one my Sundays in London, at his chapel. He preached an excellent sermon, from the text, "Ye are the temples of the living God." In the afternoon, not knowing what else to do with myself, as comparatively few chapels are open in that part of the day, and my father was engaged in another pa of the town, and our numerous friends scattered, I k not whither, I wandered into a church of very venerable appearance, and listened to an aged clergyman whose name, I was told, was Wilkinson. Every thing around me seemed to belong to an age gone by. In England, *churches* and *clergymen* belong to the establishment, *chapels* and *ministers*, to Dissenter

On Monday we joined our *whole* American pa in an excursion to the mansion of Samuel Gurney, who had very kindly invited the American Abolitionists to dine at Ham house, his beautiful country seat, a few miles distant from London. He politely sent carriages to convey us thither, and received us with true English hospitality. There were present about thirty or forty Americans, and several distinguished English people. Among the latter were Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, and Thomas Fowell Buxton, *now*, by the pleasure of her gra majesty, *Sir* Thomas. The beautiful duchess of Sutherland thought it worth the trouble of riding out from London to see the convocati of republicans, and we were honoured wi her presence, and that of her daughter, 'the Lady Elizabeth', and her brother, Lord Morpeth, for an hour before dinner. The grounds about Ham house are very beautiful, and I very much enjoyed strolling over the lawn, in the shade of the fine trees. I should think that the residents at such estates, would choose to live outside their elegant houses.

On Tuesday, the last day of June, commenced preparations for leaving London. I felt rather sad, not at leaving this great metropolis, but at parting with so many interesting friends, new and old, many of whom, I shall probably see no more. But I bade them adieu, and with our dear father recommenced my travels. For once, we preferred the inside of the coach, as it rained, and seemed likely to continue raining all night. We arrived at Leicester, at about 4½ in the morning, and after a few hours found ourselves comfortably and pleasantly settled with our very kind cousin. Here I have been luxuriating in quiet to which I have been long a stranger. Have formed Mr. Mursell's acquaintance, and spent part of a day at his pleasant residence. He is successor to Robert Hall, and is said to resemble him in character. So highly did Mr. Hall estimate him, that he told his church, on leaving them, that they ought to thank God, day and night, that they had exchanged him for Mr. Mursell. He is a very pleasant man, and if there be any truth in phrenology, possesses uncommon intellectual endowments.

July 10th. On Tuesday of this week, we visited Great Glenn, a small village a few miles from Leicester, and spent a day with Mr. [illegible] Cooper. His resi was a favorite resort of Robert Hall, who used to spe days and weeks amid its retirement. Mr. C. introduced us into a little summer house at the bottom of his garden, which had been devoted to the use of this great and good man, and where, with his bo and pipe, he had often beguiled long hours of wear ness and pain.

From Great Glenn, we rode to Wistow Hall, an estate of Sir Henry Halford's; highly cultivated, and very picturesque and beautiful.

Every thing in Leicester, wears an appearance of great antiquity; it seems to me, the oldest place that I have ever seen. Many relics of its Roman origin remain, and to some of its antiq ties, no date can be affixed. In the midst of one of the streets, stands a milestone, inscribed in La in, which was found in an old Roman road in the vicinity. Contrary to English usage, and to good taste, this broken relic of a former day, has been repaired and adorned. But the most interesting object for the antiquarian's notice, found in Leicester, perhaps I might say in England, is the wonderful Jewry wall! Its exact date, and its design are subjects for conjecture, although, as I was informed by an intelligent and learned gentleman, who interests himself in such matters, it bears indubitable evidences of an origin as early as the times of Julius Cesar. Very, very ancient it certainly is, and no one who has an ordinary share of veneration, and ideality, can look upon it for the first time, without feeli sons have conjectured, from its peculiar construction, that it was used for the offering of human sacrifices. Its appearance is very rude, as it consists of unhewn stones, bricks and tiles cemented together, without much apparent reference to symmetry of architecture. It has the appearance of resting on three solid arches. On the other side of the wall, (for we could obtain a view of but one side) these arches may be open, thus forming those "ovens" as they have been called, which excited the suspicions respecting human sacrifices. The origin and meaning of even the present name of this strange relic, are unknown. The wall is supposed to have been originally connected with a heathen temple, the foundations and perhaps walls of which, still remain, in close proximity to it. Its ruins are rebuilt, and the "heathen temple" is now a christian church, which has passed from Papal to Protestant hands, but whether by Protestant or Papal rites it was devoted to St. Nicholas, whose name it bears, I cannot tell.

To an American, fresh from his new and young country, it is deeply interesting to stand amid such antiquities as these, and they inspire him, not only with wonder and veneration and solemnity, but they oppress the intellect and heart with awe. At least, I found it so, as I stood beneath the shade of this venerable and wondrous wall, and trod the aisles of this ancient temple. Through the vicissitudes of many ages, it has been made the scene of various forms of religious devotion, and now upon its walls, which once, perhaps, resounded with choral songs of idol worship, perhaps with bacchanalian orgies, or, more dreadful still, with the dying shrieks and moans of human sacrifice to imaginary deities, are inscribed the commands of Jehovah, the christian's creed, and the prayer of the Redeemer. And if the antiquarian stands, in silent reverence, on such a spot, yielding up his soul to its mystic and mighty influence, with how much deeper emotion does the christian behold it.

As I lingered within this venerable edifice, examining the old tomb-stones with which a portion of the church is paved, looking at the grotesque figures carved upon them, and trying to decipher their inscriptions, my eye rested on one more antique and strange in its appearance, than the rest. The outlines of the human form were rudely carved upon it, and at the foot was this inscription, Jesu fili Dei, miserere mei. They were talismanic words, entering into the deep recesses of the soul; ~~mysteriously connecting~~ the pain and hope and destinies of the living human being, bending over that tomb, with the fears and hopes and destinies of the sleeper underneath, entombed there ages, perhaps, before I had an existence. They bore an eloquent, though silent, testimony to the [illegible] conquering power, the soul-saving efficacy of the only name given under heaven, [illegible] all ages, of all nations, of all [illegible] saved.

Another object of interest, which Leicester contains, is a very ancient library, preserved in the town hall. We were permitted to examine the books as freely, and as long as we liked. Among them was a copy of the New Testament, printed, in 1661, for the benefit of "the Indians of New England." a copy of "Athenasius' homilies," dated 1623 — Calvin's Institutes," 1550 — writings of Beza, Melancthon, Luther; and a huge volume, containing a considerable portion of the bible, in the Italian, German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Chaldaic languages, each occupying a column on every leaf. One of the principal curiosities of the library, an old book, written in a language, long, and perhaps still, unknown, is removed, for a few days, to an artists' exhibition, in the town. This strange book, which has baffled the skill of many a linguist, and has been sent, in vain, to Oxford, to be deciphered, has recently been pronounced, by somebody, to be in the Persian language. How much credence is given to this decision, I cannot say, but it reflects no great honor upon Oxford.

The exhibition alluded to, we also visited, and saw this curious book, and many other interesting objects. The most wonderful one was a portrait of Napolean, done in needlework by the famous Miss Linwood, who resides here. An observer would suppose it to be a painting, (though of a peculiar kind) so well are the lights and shades, and the expression of the countenance depicted. It is truly wonderful.

We concluded the day of our visit to this exhibition, with a pleasant supper party at Stony Gate, the beautiful residence of Mr. Biggs, with whose sisters I have recently become acquainted [illegible] enjoyed the visit. As the ladies are very [illegible] agreeable women, and I obtained from one of [illegible] men, considerable information respecting the [illegible] fairs of England, and discussed with him the comparative advantages of our government, and the [illegible] ety of universal suffrage. I was ever willing [illegible] portunity of defending republicanism.

July 11th. We spent yesterday at Bradgate Park — a [illegible] ful, lovely place. The park is very extensive, and [illegible] with noble oaks, some of which, we were told are [illegible] years old! The ruins of the mansion, which are of [illegible] are fast being diminished by the hand of time, [illegible] supposed, by other hands. The tilting ground is [illegible] preservation, and the chapel is, I believe, entire, but [illegible] locked, and we could not obtain access to it. A [illegible] has grown up within these dark and [illegible] the faithful ivy has spread, in [illegible] ful mantle over them. It was a pleasant [illegible] I was treading the same walks, and looking [illegible] same windows, where she whose presence [illegible] spot a shrine; [illegible] and holy devotion, or from her quiet [illegible] on the party of gay revelers, at [illegible] communion with herself, and with the [illegible] a share in the noisier festivals around her.

"Too noble for a crown! too pure for earth!
She trod these wilds, in holy meekness [illegible]
And mused of immortality and heaven!"

Lovely, sainted spirit! the ruins of thine earthly dwelling place are dearer to my heart than [illegible] renowned Kenilworth!

On our way to Bradgate, we [illegible] breakfast at the [illegible] and wife of Edward 4th. A portion of a curious journal, kept in her early days, containing a quaint description of the simple manners and customs of the times, is still extant.

From Bradgate, we rode to Ulverscroft Priory, a monastery in ruins, *said* to have been built in A.D. 190, or thereabouts, and destroyed at the time of the reformation. Its intrinsic beauty surpasses that of any ruin which I have seen, but its associations are not as interesting as those of Leicester Abbey, (a few miles distant) where Cardinal Wolsey spent the last days of his unhappy life, enduring the anguish of disappointed ambition, and unavailing self-reproach.

At Ulverscroft, we ascended a circular flight of stone steps, curiously concealed in a corner of one of the towers which remains nearly entire. What its design was, might be a question of interesting speculation, as, from the low door, on the ground, at which we entered, up to, nearly the top of the tower, there is no way of egress. Dim visions of dungeons and torture and murder, of patient confessors and holy martyrs, floated in my brain, as I stood within what doubtless was once the dungeon of the lonely tower, imaging before me, a prisoner, wearing away the uncounted hours, in silence and solitude, unbroken, save by the sepulchral echo of his own voice, or the unwelcome form of some father-confessor, bearing an instrument of torture in one hand, and a dimly-burning taper in the other, issuing from under the small stone arch, which formed the only way of egress from prison, save that last way, through which many a patient sufferer under human tyranny, has [illegible]. Well! it was a comfort to look up and see such a place in ruins, and for a while I forgot its natural beauty and grandeur in the contemplation of its moral deformity. I doubt the tale of its antiquity — the style of its architecture contradicts it.

We clambered up into the little confessional, (which remains nearly entire,) and looked through the small window, where, for long ages, were poured into a human ear, tales of sorrow and of sin, which should have been reserved for the secret communings between the spirit and its Maker, and where man blasphemously presumed to sit in "the place of God."

To Leicester Abbey we next directed our steps. Little of the walls of this building remains, but that little is beautifully clothed and crowned with luxuriant ivy. The gardens are very extensive, and most of the wall that enclosed them, is standing, and seems likely to stand for ages. In the garden, near the principal wall of the monastery, is an ancient and curious stone, monumental in its appearance, under which, it is said, is the grave of Wolsey. It may be so; at any rate it is well enough to indulge the fancy, for it adds to the interest of the place. We walked about the grounds, a short time, collecting mementos of the spot, and musing on the employments and superstitions of the fraternity who imagined that, when they entered that enclosure, and its massive gates were shut upon them, the world and they were divorced forever, as if each busy heart, with its cares, its hopes, its joys and sorrows, its conflicts and its sins, were not an epitome of the world! Vainly does man, with his agitated breast heaving and burning with the strife and motion and turbulence of such a world as this, how vainly does he rush to the beauty and quietness of nature's courts, hoping to share in their repose, and having sown the wind, to escape the harvest of the whirlwind! The voice that speaks peace to such a spirit must be more potent than even the music that "dwells in whispering boughs," or is joyously and freely poured out by singing brooks, in the midst of the most lovely of Nature's temples.

This was to me a very delightful day — I had so much of quiet enjoyment. The way to enjoy fully such places, is to wander among them, at leisure, wholly forgetful that a busy world exists around you, into which you must soon again enter, and above all, that a guide is attending ~~in attending~~ your footsteps, or awaiting at a distance, your return. The romantic beauty of Ulverscroft and Leicester Abbey, is somewhat marred by the barbarism, unworthy of the English, of placing farm-houses on the grounds, and erecting stables on their very walls!

July 20th. A few days since, we accepted the polite invitation of the mayor of the town, Mr Whetstone, to visit the prison. He conducted us through its different apartments, and gave us much information respecting it. A great defect in the establishment seemed to be, absence of employment for the prisoners. A short time, each day is spent in the school attached to the prison, and the remainder of their weary hours are idled away, except when, as additional punishment, a certain amount of labor is required of them. But even this labor is unproductive, such as turning a treadmill which grinds nothing, or moving the handle of a pump which contains no water. The reason assigned for not supplying these unfortunate men with healthful employment for their mental and physical energies, was the difficulty of furnishing it, and a fear of injuring the resources of labor and comfortable subsistence of the honest and virtuous poor. There may be such danger, but something must be wrong in the construction of society where it exists. Months, or even weeks, spent in listless inactivity, are a poor training for the delinquent who, at their close is to be sent again into the community, to be its curse or blessing.

Fortunately, these unfortunate prisoners are not in solitary confinement. They are classified according to their respective offenses, and the occupants of each ward, (but few in number) are allowed the use of a small enclosed yard, and undoubtedly enjoy the privilege of conversation. The magistrate, as he passed around among them, seemed anxious to bestow on each the expression of his sympathy and kindness. He is a kind-hearted man, and to us, who were, a day or two since, entire strangers to him, has proffered his hospitality and good offices, with earnestness that would scarcely be refused.

On the 15th inst we came to Birmingham, once more, and I am again among kind though strange relatives. Yesterday (Sunday) I attended morning service at one of the established churches, and, for the first time since I have been in this country, very much enjoyed the liturgy. It was distinctly and well read. The sermon, by Hugh Stowell a distinguished clergyman, was excellent, one of the best (and I have heard many good ones) that I have listened to in England. It was preached in behalf of Sunday Schools, and the subject was the importance of early religious training, and the solemn responsibilities of teachers and parents; especially of those who had renounced, in the names of these little ones, "the pomps and vanities of the world." The sermon was rich in thought, and beauty of expression. Speaking of the importance of securing the earliest opportunities for making a religious impression upon children, Mr. S. said, "You must take the young tendrils of the thoughts and heart, before they are entangled among the briers and thorns of the wilderness, if you would teach them to climb around the Rock of Ages." If the church of England were filled with such clergymen as Mr. Stowell, and some others, whose ministrations I have listened to, within the last few weeks, she would be a blessing to any country, in spite of her anti-scriptural and anti-republican organization.

Today, visited Mrs. Dickenson, our grandmother's intimate and valued friend. I already love her, and can trace, or fancy that I can, some resemblances between the two.

21st. This morning attended a "missionary breakfast," at the Town Hall of Birmingham. A social meeting of the friends of the Baptist Miss. Soc. the profits of which (if there are any) are devoted to the miss. cause. We were regaled, during the breakfast hour, with the richest strains of music, from the best organ in England, pealing through one of the finest music halls in the world. Perhaps I might say, the best organ in the world, for it has one or two stops, which, _alone_, are more powerful than any other organ in Europe, and in exquisite sweetness, it seemed to me that it could not be surpassed. Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," which has been pronounced the most harmonious of his compositions, and other sweet melodies, chained our attention, and taught us "in the gush of music to be still," but when the Hallelujah chorus, celebrating the closing of the Messiah's work, poured its rich, _full_ strains upon our ears, then we might have felt that "_it had purified the soul_." I thought I never knew, before, the power of music. How it plays with the passions of the human soul, as the mighty winds of heaven with the ocean waves!

I was sorry when it ceased, and the speeches, always incidents to such occasions, commenced; yet some of them were interesting. Mr. Mursell, of Leicester, spoke briefly and eloquently of the religious tyranny, under which the dissenters from the church of England, are suffering, and from which galling yoke, they seem determined to release themselves. He spoke with energy and fervor, and undoubtedly earned the title of "fanatic." He closed his speech by an allusion to a common argument in favor of the system which he opposed, viz. that while it is a part of the law of the land, it ought not to be rudely assailed. "Ah!" said he, "that is a dangerous principle, which was long ago appealed to, in support of wrong. "We have a _law_, and by our law He ought to die!""

Good Mr. Knibb again pleaded for Jamaica, portraying the oppressions which the inveterate slave-masters are constantly seeking to inflict on the emancipated freemen, and the necessity of the watchfulness and power of the government of England, to protect its newly freed subjects, from the rapacity and avarice of the planters. The governors and magistrates employed by England, to administer

British law, in her colonies, are creatures of the planters, and tyrants over the colored laborers. The missionaries, the true friends of the colored population, are cordially hated, and violently persecuted by their combined influence. One good man, Mr. Oughton, is now languishing in prison, *ostensibly*, for exciting insurrection among a party of apprentices; *really*, for seeking to protect them from injustice and cruelty. Even the populace, who, on this occasion, witnessed the barbarous conduct of the police, toward these poor creatures, indignantly cried "Shame!" and were so much excited as to demonstrate their displeasure, by throwing a few stones. These were converted into "*a tremendous volley*," by a witness in the court, where the whole transaction was examined, but when surprise at such false testimony was indignantly expressed, the alarmed witness replied, "Well! I will withdraw the word 'tremendous;' but there were a great many." When this was disputed, he again retreated from his position, and insisted that he thought there were *six*; he was *sure* he saw *one*! The poor apprentices were, in the end, proved to be right, and their oppressors wrong; but the missionary still languishes in prison, and is likely to do so, for some months to come, unless released by death. These are Mr. Knibb's statements respecting the truthfulness and justice of Jamaica tribunals.

Dined with our friend, Mr. John Knott, at whose house we met a clergyman, with whom my father, very naturally and easily, you know, entered into a controversy, on various theological subjects. The clergyman, Mr. C. conducted his part of the debate, with animation and zeal, though he *seemed* as if he were amazed that any body should presume to gainsay his assertions. Our host afterward told us, that, probably, he *was*, as he was accustomed to do all the *thinking* of his congregation. Although himself of the church of England, our friend told us that he had invited Mr. C. to dine with us, on account of the theological diversities between him and my father, as he thought conversation was always more interesting where the colloquists disagreed, and could, therefore, conduct an argument. He occasionally dipped into the debate, which I told him was not fair, making the disputants two against one, but he thought it unequal without him, and that the dignitary of his church, needed help.

Shrewsbury, July 28th. Yesterday bade adieu to my father's birth-place, probably to see it no more. It will ever be among my most pleasant and dear reminiscences of England.

Our proposed route lay through Derbyshire, and its caverns, its hills, and Matlock, its gem of beauty, were before my imagination. Among our fellow-passengers on the coach, was a gentleman who was disposed to be very communicative with us, who so strongly urged us to go into Wales, even at a sacrifice of a visit to Derbyshire, if we had not time for both, assuring us that it was far more worthy our notice, than the latter, that we have changed our plans, and intend to proceed thither, tomorrow, if the weather permits. Today we shall, probably, be detained here, by the rain; the first time that our journeyings in England have been hindered. Shrewsbury seems rather an uninteresting pla [illegible] contrive to make the detention useful, as a trial of patience, if in no other way. We found here, our cousin, Ann Cooper, who resides, at present, in this vicinity, and our detention another day, *may* give me an opportunity of seeing her once more.

Bangor, *Wales*, July 30th. Yesterday had a delightful ride from Shrewsbury to this place, through a country whose scenery is very different from that which I have so long been admiring. Our route lay along the vale of Langollen, (pronounced *Langothlen*) an exquisitely beautiful spot, which I imagine even Matlock cannot surpass in fertile loveliness. As we advanced farther into Wales, our road lay among high hills, which very much resemble the highlands on the banks of our own Hudson; and I almost fancied myself at home again. We came on the mail coach, at a speed which seemed, at times, almost to compete with that of a locomotive.

30th. Today took a pleasant open car, or 'sociable,' and rode to the famous Menai bridge, suspended across the Menai straits. It is an object which every traveler in this country would do well to visit. It is built of iron, and cost £120,000. It was commenced in 1819, and opened to the public in 1826. Either end of the bridge is supported by stone arches, at the outer extremities of which, rise two massive stone piers, over which huge iron chain bars, are extended from one bank to the other. These are firmly fastened to the rocks, under ground. From these chains, which are not horizontal, but curved downward, iron rods descend perpendicularly, from fifteen to twenty five feet, and are fastened, by bolts, to other iron bars which are extended, horizontally, across the river and also to other iron bars, which are laid across *these*, which together, covered with stones, form the floor of the bridge. The strength of the upper chains, as well as the firmness of the fastenings, may be imagined when it is considered that the whole weight of the central portion of the bridge is suspended from them. This weight is 2186 tons, 1282 lb. or, rather, this is the weight of the entire iron work of the bridge. Each chain weighs 121 tons, 299 lb. The height of the two main piers, from high water mark to the level of the roadway, is 100 feet. A vessel, whose top masts were nearly as high as those of a frigate, once passed under the bridge, and cleared twelve and a half feet below its center. The length of the road-way, between the two piers, is 590 ft. Its total length, is 1000 ft. Each roadway is 12 ft wide, and the foot path, which is between them, is four feet in width. It is beautiful, as well as stupendous, and the distant glimpses of its apparently slender structure, resting on its airy foundations, which you may occasionally catch, through the openings in the trees which skirt the winding road from Beaumaris, add much to the picturesque loveliness of the landscape. Beaumaris we next visited, as it possesses the attraction of a ruined castle, built in the reign of Edward 1st, belonged to the Viscounts of Berkley, and was destroyed by Cromwell. This was all the information that I could obtain, respecting its history, so I was obliged to draw upon my imagination, for the rest which was, that it was built for the defence of the point of Anglesea, on which it stands and finely situated it is, for the purpose. It has, or had, ten inner towers, and fourteen watch towers, on the outer wall. The tennis court, paved with broad flag stones, remains perfect, and so, I believe do its four dungeons into two of which we looked. As we [illegible] on the top of the crumbling walls, we espied a circular stair-case, entirely filled up with shrubbery. It is a fine old ruin, and its loneliness and decay, strangely contrasts with the splendid magnificence of Penrhyn castle, which we next visited. This is at Bangor, about half a mile from the center of the town, and is worthy a visit. It is unlike anything that I have hitherto seen, being a modern building in the style of an ancient castle. Every thing is in perfect keeping with the design. The architecture is superior to that of any other castle which I have seen;- far surpassing Windsor. Here are mingled the grandeur and richness of an ancient castle, with the splendor and elegance and beauty of a modern palace. It is furnished in a style worthy of it. The grounds are not remarkably beautiful, though they might be made so. But the owner of all this magnificence, cannot enjoy it. The state of his health forbid his residence here, so he is, at present, in London.

Evening. From Bangor, came, by car, to Dolbadern, at the foot of "cloud-capt Snowdon." Here we are, tonight, comfortably settled at the snug little "Dolbadern inn," surrounded by the mountains of Wales- at their very base- within their awful shadows!

I am glad that I have seen Wales, and feel amply repaid for the loss of Derbyshire. This, too, is all new to my father, as very little that we have hitherto seen, is. so I have double enjoyment in it.

31st. At a short distance from our "inn," is the site of Dolbadern castle. One circular tower is all that remains to mark the spot, where, during twenty long years, Owen Goch was imprisoned, for rebelling against his brother, Llewellyn ap Jorwerth.

This morning, the weather being fine, we prepared to ascend Snowden. Mounted on ponies, our guide following on foot, bearing a satchel of bread and chees and an umbrella, (that indispensable article, in this country) we set forward. The path was steep, but our ponies were used to it, and I found the ride quite pleasant. As we ascended, we frequently looked back on the beautiful plain and valley behind us. We were encircled with mountains; far below us, on our left, lay the pass of Lanberis; on our right, a defile where Llewellyn, "the last prince of Wales," (as our guide called him) fought many a battle with Edward 1st, in most of which Llewellyn was conqueror. Our guide, who seemed to retain some warmth of patriot zeal, told us that "Edward wanted Llewellyn to come down and fight him, on some level place," but the latter knew very well that his strength was in the mountains, and refused to leave. The English army came from Caernarvon, and the Welsh, poured down, from the fastnesses of Snowden. Near the scene of battle, is a hollow, in one of the mountains, which seems almost inaccessible, where Llewellyn once held a parliament. It has since been called "parliament mountain." A glorious place to hold a council for freedom! As we went up, the view all around was beautiful, sometimes quite magnificent, but we were soon enveloped in the cloud which crowns the topmost peak of Snowden. Leaving the po about half a mile from the top, we proceeded through the mist, shivering with cold. At the spot where we commenced our walk, stand the foundations and a few feet of the walls of a house which some Mr. Smith, either to gratify very singular tastes, or to gain an immortality which this name was not likely to procure for him, commenced building, for his own residence, but was prevented by government, from finishing. I suppose it was not deemed in accordance with the genius of the place, that a foot of Snowden's soil should be individually appropriated.

Having reached the topmost point, we found that we could obtain only occasional glimpses of the surrounding scenery, as the wind, or sun, for a moment, partially dispersed the cloud. We waited, as patiently as possible, about an hour, hoping that it would be entirely dispelled, but in vain. I took with me, my writing materials, thinking that I might be impelled to portray something of the grandeur of the scene, or to record the emotions excited by it, but, alas! it was no mount of inspiration. To stand shaking with damp and cold, on the lee side of a huge pile of stones, enveloped in a thick fog, impenetrable by the sight, at a distance of a few yards, the wind careering fiercely around you, is anything but romantic, though it be on the brow of Snowden, and the fog is the cloud of heaven, and the winds have gathered their strength and their music among "the stern defiles of battle in freedom's last abode". You may summon these and a thousand other influences, to your aid — it is all in vain — you will still shiver with the cold, and shrink from the wind and mist, just as if it was any other wind and mist; and wonder why nobody has built a shelter there — and as for poetising why, it might do for such persons as Walter Scott, who could write Ivanhoe, with the cramp in his stomach, but not many others will meet the muses there.

We waited, as patiently as we could, for a brighter hour, amusing ourselves with the conversation of a party who were in the same attitude of expectation. "Look here!" "look there!" "I caught a real glimpse, just now!" "I wish," cried one, a bright thought flashing across his mind, "that we had thought to bring up a pair of bellows to blow this fog off." "I don't believe Job ever sat on the top of a mountain, with a fog all around him;" — etc. etc. At last, after catching one or two "real glimpses," we came down. The descent was not so difficult as to prevent our enjoyment of the fine scenery all around us, and we felt amply recompensed for the effort we had made.

Evening. Caernarvon. The ride from Dolbadern, hither we found very pleasant, and the town is a clean, nice, tig looking place, very different from most of the English towns which we have visited. Strolled over it, for an hour, and visited the famous ruin of the castle built in 1283, by Edward 1st. It was admirably constructed for warfare or defence, and was for some time the residence of the British princes. Our attendant showed us a little room, in the Eagle tower, where, on the 25th of Ap 1284, Edward 2nd was born. The castle is very large, and nearly the whole of the walls are standing, though many of the floors are gone. As those that remain, are of oak, probably the others were. We ascended the Eagle tower, two or three of its flights of stone steps being [illegible]. The castle encloses a large area of [illegible] of an elliptical form, which was divided into two court-yards, for the use of the family, and the soldiery. Here it was that Edward 1st., having conquered the Welsh, presented to them his infant son, as their future prince.

Caernarvon castle, like others of Wales, is scantily adorned with ivy, in consequence of its proximity to the sea. On one side of the walls, it cannot be made to grow at all.

The remains of Segontium, a Roman station, are to be seen, at half a mile's distance, south of the town. We did not avail ourselves of the opportunity of inspecting them as we were wearied with travel, and were told that the "station" presented nothing to the view, but slightly elevated mounds of earth, on an open plain.

August 5th. On the 1st. inst. came from Caernarvon to Liverpool, through Bangor & Conway; almost every mile of our road leading us through new scenes of beauty. I wish I could convey to you an accurate idea of the very fine entrances to Conway, at either end of the town. As we approached it, our road lay across an open plain, and before us rose a venerable and beautiful remnant of the old wall, which once begirt the town. It is several rods in length, and very high. From its summit, rose eight small watch-towers, which seemed to have escaped delapidation, and the whole was thinly overspread with ivy. Beneath an arch, in the midway of this relic, saved from the wreck of time, we entered the town. Passing quickly through it, we had time, only, for a hasty glance at the old castle which bears its name, and which greatly contributes to the romantic beauty of the entrance at the opposite extremity. The castle stands upon the brink of a river, over which is suspended an iron bridge, apparently, a miniature imitation of the famous Menai bridge. It is a pretty little thing, and the chains, by which it is suspended, are fastened to the ruined and ivied wall of the old castle. As we emerg from the bridge, or leaving the place, we cast many a lingering and farewell look on this singular combination of beauties. All that I saw of Conway, passed before my vision in the space of half an hour, I suppose, yet the impressions that I received from it, will, I have no d endure vividly, for years.

Wales abounds in ruined castles. We passed sever in this day's ride, and one that was not ruined;- Gwyd castle;- a splendid mansion, embosomed in a wood, on the side of a mountain. The scenery of Wales partake more of American grandeur, than of English beauty; yet, occasionally, they are mingled. The people are more un like their neighbors, than one would suppose from their proximity. They are hardier probably from the influence of their mountain air. The women dress strangely; wearing black beaver hats, like the men, with broad ribbon bound around them, fastened with a bright buckle. We passed several troops of them, as we entered Bangor. Many of the old women turn their gowns over their shoulders, apparently for the purpose of forming a sort of satchel, in which a considerable quantity of luggage may conveniently be deposited. They looked oddly enough, knitting as they walked. The custom of wearing hats, is not now, as formerly, common to all classes of Welsh women, the "higher ranks" have begun to imitate their English neighbors in the use of bonnets.

Toward evening of the day on which we left Caernar we found ourselves, once more, in old Chester, where we were detained two hours, by the tardiness of an expected coach. We arrived in Liverpool about

Well! my journeyings in England are over—pleasant reminiscences will they be for my after years. They have cultivated and increased my susceptibility to beauty. I always loved scenes of grandeur and sublimity, but never, never before, did I so revel in natural beauty! My heart is, ever and anon, wandering back to the shades of Blenheim, that loveliest spot of this land of loveliness, where one might well exclaim,

"If scenes like thine, and things like thee,
To this parched earth be given,
How beautiful must beauty be,
Amid the bowers of heaven!"

But yet, America, "with her rude chart of rock and hill," is dearer to me than this "isle of beauty". With joy shall I commit myself to the barque that is to bear me hence, for it will be "homeward-bound."

August 27th. Packet ship England. Nineteen days at sea, and only half way across the Atlantic. On the 7th inst. we embarked at Liverpool, and sailed on the morning of the 8th. Several days of calms, and many of head-winds, have marked our voyage thus far. We have had little of incident to swell our journals, or beguile our hours, unless such events as the shipping of seas, the springing of our main royal yard, & the egress of our poor cow from her narrow domicile, at the hazard of her life and limbs, be thus reckoned. One gale, however, we have had; the most violent blow I ever witnessed at sea. It lasted so short a time, that the sea did not run very high, but the creaking masts trembled and bowed before its fury, and it was feared that they would be carried away. Our good ship, however, nobly withstood the onset of wind and wave, "bearing right bravely onward, when the storm-wind followed free!" We have spoken two vessels; one from Jamai bound to London, forty days out, the other, from Dalh sie, Gulf of St. Lawrence, bound to Liverpool, 24 days out. It is a pleasant thing to speak one of these gallant fellow-travelers, "when o'er the silent seas, alone, for days and nights we're cheerless (or cheerfully) gone." The thronging decks bear testimony to the universal delight, when, with sails aback, they "nearer come"; and the loud shout of "ship ahoy" is heard and answered, and brief salutations and kind wishes are interchanged; and when the stately barque bears gallantly away, the voyager feels as though he had bade adieu to a friend.

29th. The sea is beautiful this evening. We have been on deck, to look at the sparkling phosphoric light, which [illegible] adorning the foaming, dancing waves. But the sky, which, last night, was brilliant with stars, is clouded, and the beauties which a glorious sunset left, are all vanished. I have been sitting on the rails of the vessel, surrounded with the dark and silent world of waters, gazing, alternately, on them, and on the tall, white-winged ship, careering over them in solitude; and it is a strange transition to come among this busy, joyous, card-playing party, in our light and elegant cabin, below. We have a large and rather pleasant company and though all seem very desirous to arrive at the end of the voyage, as quickly as possible, they acknowledge that the days pass rapidly. Cards, backgammon, chess, checker-board, etc. are brought into requisition, by day and night. Then we have music, vocal and instrumental, and books in great variety. When the multiform avocations of our days of "busy idleness" are closed, at the approach of dusk, we sometimes persuade our captain, and one of our fellow-passengers, who sing melodiously, to beguile with song the remaining hour till tea.

Music on the ocean, at evening! [illegible] I knew not half the sweetness [illegible] fine airs, "The Canadian Boat Song," and "What fairy-like music steal over the sea," until I heard them from our vessel's deck.

And when the evening whist-parties are broken up, we sometimes have a grand musical finale, ere we seek our rocking couches, to roll about, sleeping or waking, as the case may be, for the next eight hours.

September 1st. My birthday has seemed very little like a festival; a large portion of it having been spent in my berth, and the remainder rendered dull and weary by the lassitude incident to a severe cold. But it has been an eventful day, both to our ship's company, and to the inhabitants of the Newfoundland banks, which were laid under contribution to our dinner table, and, thanks to the angling skill of our captain, furnished us with several fine cod.

After dinner, our polite captain and some of our fellow passengers were so kind as to drink Champagne to my health, (certainly not to their own) of which I was earnestly pressed to partake, in defiance of my tee-totalism, which, it was argued, might, in honor of such an occasion, be very innocently laid aside. But I have become, while in England, too thoroughly hardened to the ungracious awkward task of refusing such invitations, to be in any danger of yielding to them now; and the glass which, in spite of my protestation, was filled for me, was emptied by a gentleman at my side, who, unwilling that the sparkling draught should foam untasted, proposed that I should drink it by proxy.

By the way, this custom of wine-drinking prevails in England, to a lamentable, and, I think, alarming extent. It is by no means confined to the "higher classes," as they are termed," but is common to all, excepting the poor, whose drink is ale. At dinner and supper, it is

almost universally [illegible] that I was surprised, rarely [illegible] frequently to excess. The advocates [illegible] us that the English are natur[illegible] superior to ourselves in that respect [illegible] inebriation among any class of the [illegible] their gin-palaces brought [illegible] the subject, but however that may be, they are [illegible] a wine-drinking people, and [illegible] the healthful influence of the temperance [illegible] cause they imagine that they are [illegible] of a physician. America has [illegible] mother-country, in this, as in some other [illegible] form, and should strive to recompense [illegible] which she has received from her, [illegible] her youthful vigor, for the [illegible] foes, which are slowly, perhaps, [illegible] the moral and intellectual strength [illegible] the glory of her venerable [illegible] England has a noble remnant [illegible] Bacchus, and who, amid opposition [illegible] sembling that which [illegible] have rushed to the rescue [illegible] the right. Surely they ought [illegible] of temperance, in America, [illegible] ment and cooperation, which [illegible] bitionists, from British [illegible]

2nd. It is a glorious [illegible] favorite seat a long [illegible] less sky, [illegible] afforded in a [illegible] red [illegible] dark cloud, on the very bosom of the wave, so strikingly resembled a burning volcano, that it required an effort of the imagination to believe that we were going upon one. How beautiful are thy works, oh! God; "in wisdom", beyond our conception, "hast thou made them all!" What would I give for a picture of that scene! But no, it could not be painted in the vividness of reality; much less described, and perhaps it would be better for the traveler to give himself up to the enjoyment of the sights and scenes of wonder and beauty which pass before him, and treasure them in his heart, than to weaken their effect upon himself, by poor and vain attempts to delineate them on the dull and dry pages of a journal.

7th. Another lovely evening! The beauties of the sunset sky had not departed when the moon and stars came out to adorn the glorious concave which seem to encircle and cover the dark plane of waters, on which our gallant ship is the only object visible. There is a sense of freedom, in floating thus, at will, upon the trackless ocean, where no trace of man's ravages, no monuments of his pride or folly, his power or weakness, force themselves on the view.

"His control stops with the shore".

The scene on which I gazed, this evening, was so prolific in enjoyment, that notwithstanding my earnest longings for the "dear delights of home," I could not recollect, that in a few short days I am to bid adieu to the ocean, without a feeling very like regret. Yet I do sincerely wish that those days may be very few, and should be glad were they ended now. So paradoxical are the workings of that strange thing, the human heart. But thanks to this enlightened age such metaphysical mysteries vanish before the glorious revelation of phrenology. I amused myself with cogitations respecting the various organs of the brain that were employed or gratified by those various and apparently contradictory emotions, until the sunset hues of red and amber and blue, faded from the horizon, and left the scene to the dominion of night.

8th. This has been quite an eventful day in our monotonous life, although we have been nearly or qui becalmed, through the greater part of it. At an early hour we were summoned on deck, to see a large number of fishes assembled around our ship, just below the surface of the water. When the sun is shining on any object, a short distance ~~from~~ below the surface of the ocean it wears a light green color of uncommon beauty, and the large numbers of Albicore, or Benetos which were sporting around us, afforded a rare sight. For a long time they declined the most tempting inducements to come on board, having, it is said, a decided aversion to a dead bait, and we had no living animal, of a suitable size to treat them with. But at length they were gulled by some ingenious device, and were captured more rapidly than they could be disposed of. The steerage passengers and sailors, who were to have a share in the prize, displayed much zeal and activity on the occasion, and many who cared little about the addition to our bill of fare, partook of the general excitement and joined in the shout, as one after another was hauled up the vessel's side. Our captain tried the effect of a harpoon among them, but with no other result than the amusement of the spectators.

Gunning completed the sports of the day, but this was cruel sport, for the shots were discharged at some huge black fishes which came so near us, in great numbers, and which nobody had any idea of taking on board, or making any manner of use of, and the only object of firing upon them was, in sportsman's phrase, "to get a good shot." Fortunately not more than one two were obtained.

The day has been one of the calmest, loveliest of our voyage, and we are gliding gently and slowly through the smooth waters; far more slowly than our captain likes; or, indeed, than any of us like. Through calm and storm, tossing and rest, we have almost completed our voyage, and are eagerly expecting the sight of the American shores. We lead an idle, yet laborious life! To walk, to stand, even to lie in our berths, requires an effort, unless we give ourselves up unresistingly to the locomotive influences of the powerful and unstable elements within whose control we are. Those influences have produced some sad, and many ludicrous adventures, although we certainly cannot boast of such unperalleled wonders as befel the passengers of another packet ship, some years since, if the testimony of their captain may be depended upon. Who he was, I do not know, and therefore cannot vouch for the authority. In answer to the inquiries of some of his passengers, he had explained to them that a ship was on her beam ends, when she had rolled so far on one side, that her deck was in a vertical position. "And pray, Captain," asked one, "how far may a ship go on her side, and right herself again?" "Why," replied he, "the most remarkable instance that I ever witnessed, was on an occasion when the ship made so heavy a lurch, that the people did not know whether they were standing on their heads or feet. She righted, however, and upon examination it was the universal opinion that she had made a complete somerset." "And do you really think she did?" asked the astonished questioner.

Neither have we any such hair-breadth escapes with which to startle the readers of our journal, as our commander, Capt. Waite, can relate to us, as having fallen under his own observation. As an illustration of the recklessness with which sailors regard danger and death, he, one day, told us the following incident. One evening, during one of his former voyages, as he was standing at the bows of his ship, which was going at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, he espied a small [illegible] coming down directly across her bows, and already so near that destruction seemed inevitable, for had she been ~~athwart~~ the track of the larger ship, the [illegible] of the bow of the latter must have cleft and [illegible] her. Capt. W. however, instantly and loudly issued a command to his helmsman, which was so promptly obeyed, that the ship's course was changed, just in time to save the little craft from the impending danger. No sooner was this done, than her captain hailed Capt. W. and, with the utmost coolness, shouted, "What's your longitude?" He had, actually, run down, directly athwart the track of a large ship sailing at a rapid rate, in the night, to make this inquiry!

Another adventure, in which the danger and escape were his own, he narrated to us, a day or two since.

A storm was raging, and it was night. He had sent all his sailors aloft to reef the sails, and so difficult was the task, that both the mate and [illegible] then. Alone on deck at this perilous hour, he looked over his vessel's side, and saw a large ship bearing rapidly down upon him, and in so close proximity, that he was terror stricken at the sight; as he well might be, for the danger that appalled him was similar to that which threatened the small and hardy bark before mentioned, the relative positions of the vessels being the same. With astonishing presence of mind, he cried, in a voice of thunder, to the helmsman of the fast-approaching vessel, "hard-a-starboard"! and, strange to tell, the shout was heard above the loud roar of the tempest, and the accustomed reply of "ay, ay, sir," sent back across the waters. the ship suddenly turned, glanced by, and all were safe! The crew, who had perceived their peril, descended with the haste of terror, with the hope of saving themselves by taking refuge in the other ship, and sank upon the deck trembling and gasping with affright. When with the consciousness of returning safety, their strength returned, they told Capt. W. that his stentorian shout "rang through their heads," while they were aloft on the yard!

Our captain often gives us undoubted evidence of the soundness of his lungs, and the power of his voice, but such a feat as this, we had not supposed him, or any other man, capable of performing.

9th. Today, for the first time, I have been present at a burial at sea. An infant child of a poor woman in our steerage, who died during the last night, was this morning entombed in the ocean. Prayer was offered in presence of those who chose to witness the parting rites, and the death-fraught canvass cleft the scarcely parted wave; as another was added to the vast numbers, who, uncoffined and unknelled, have found their last resting place within the great deep. The [illegible] sions of that dread of such burial, which [illegible] perhaps almost all, entertain doubtless there [illegible] choly pleasure in laying our loved and [illegible] ed, where

"we may know
And tend the dwelling whence the slumberer's [illegible]
Shall rise at last, and bid the young flowers bloom,
That waft a breath of hope around the tomb,
And kneel upon the dewy turf to pray;"

but the desire to do so, and the horror with which burial is regarded, are often excessive [illegible] tions. I think I shall never forget a reply [illegible] day, to the expression of such feelings. One of our [illegible] was speaking of the earnestness with which she [illegible] sire to preserve the body, were it her child's, for [illegible] on land. "Why?" asked a young gentleman who [illegible] sea shall shall give up its dead." The remark [illegible] strangely enough from his lips, and therefore [illegible] more deeply impressed me.

11th. This morning the cry of "land ahead" [illegible] lighted ears, before we left our berths. [illegible] of the disturbance of their slumbers [illegible] our bustle which has been heard through the [illegible] and below, has evinced the strength of the [illegible] of home, or the weariness of the sea, [illegible] the breasts of the passengers of the Cape [illegible] descried in the distance, added to the [illegible] morning, and the day has [illegible] The ocean has arrayed itself in [illegible] and resplendent glory, as if [illegible] ing. The evening only [illegible] formed us, [illegible] is the last day of our voyage. Tomorrow we hope to stand upon our native shores again.

Sept. 12th. At anchor off Sandy Hook! We are waiting for a steamer, which is already in sight to bear us to the shore. An hour or two – and we shall be *at home*. Oh! word of potent spell! Dear America! I love it better for my short absence from its shores. In my opinion America suffers not in comparison with England. If her scenery is exquisitely beautiful, ours is majestically grand; if her government is strong in military power, and ~~resplendent~~ with the paraphernalia of royalty, ours is strengthened and beautified with the simplicity and dignity of republicanism, and free heart and thought, free tongue and pen, are the inheritance of her sons. Could I for a moment forget *one* foul spot upon my country's banner, how would my heart exult, for that moment, in a comparison of its freedom and glory and strength, with that of all other nations of the earth. Yet *that* shall be effaced, and, dishonored by it no longer, republicanism, illustrated in America, shall excite the admiration and imitation of the world.

And I love England better, also, for my visit to its pleasant and honored shores. The pictures of its loveliness, which I have collected during my wanderings, will long remain undimmed in my "soul's chamber of imagery;" and my most ardent wish for my own and my father land, is that the sword may no more be lifted between them – that, dwelling "together in unity," they may combine their moral and intellectual power, to bless the world.